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THE ITALIAN MINISTRY.

M. RATTAZZI has announced that he must invite a distinct vote as to the amount of confidence he enjoys in the Parliament. Nominally, the vote is to be taken on certain clauses in the Budget, but the real question is, whether the dissatisfaction which he knows exists is the dissatisfaction of persons who grumble against their friends, or that of adversaries who are prepared to add deeds to words. Confessedly, he and his colleagues sit on sufferance, and after a time such a position becomes unendurable. Even the daily machinery of administration is thrown out of gear when no one knows who will be Minister a fortnight hence. Foreign Courts pay little honour and confide few secrets to the Ministers of a passing hour; and the Ministers themselves have to bear an accumulation of personal slights and taunts which at last drives them to despair. The Turin Cabinet are not very strong or great men, but they are above bearing this patiently. It would, indeed, be very unjust both to them and to the Parliament, to say that they have as yet had to bear it. But it is evident that they are sliding rapidly down the hill of humiliation, and that they must fall unless they arrest their course by a vigorous effort. If they win on the issue they have taken, it is to be hoped that they will receive a hearty support in the next session. Parliamentary Government is impossible if the Parliament will neither dismiss a Cabinet nor back it up; and it was precisely to escape the private ignominy and public misfortune of a Ministry resting on a large nominal majority, but having no real hearty supporters, that Baron RICASOLI retired. If the RATTAZZI Cabinet is dismissed, it ought either to be because their policy is open to distinct censure on some broad intelligible ground, or because, personally, they are unfit for their posts. As to the latter point, foreigners are not good judges. The Ministers are generally spoken of as scarcely up to the level of what a Ministry should be in weight and ability and experience, but as being for the most part honest and well-meaning. All we can say is, that if they are inefficient, and if it is certain that there are men ready to take their places, not only more efficient, but greatly and incontestably more efficient, it may be quite worth while to have a change. But a change merely to get rid of this Cabinet, and to get another Cabinet of about equal calibre, would be a glaring mistake, and one likely to be very prejudicial to Italy.

If the attack is made on public grounds, it must, if it is an honest and open attack, be made with reference to one of the three great spheres of which duty an Italian Ministry at this time was to fill. The tasks which a Ministry is called on to perform just now as well as it can are, first, to promote the material prosperity of the country, or, in simpler English, to start public works and find money to pay for them; secondly, to keep GARIBALDI and his friends in readiness, but under control; and, thirdly, to push the Roman question as forward as opportunity and LOUIS NAPOLEON will permit. On the first head there is, we apprehend, no ground of complaint against the Ministry. Taking advantage of what had been done by their predecessors, they have set or kept something in the shape of public works going in almost every part of Italy. The same telegraph that brought the announcement of M. RATTAZZI's intention to invite a vote of confidence also brought the announcement that a railway is in immediate contemplation for the island of Sardinia. The works at Spezzia are beginning to be pushed on with a determination, and on a scale, which would be thought respectable even in England. The Crown domains of Parma are being meted out for the cultivation of more energetic proprietors than have hitherto possessed them. A great scheme of irrigation has been set on foot to fertilize the barren edge of the great plain of Piedmont. Railways have been opened which bring the Turinese to Ancona, and would soon take the

Romans, if they were allowed to go, to Naples. The great undertaking of the Southern railways has been entrusted to concessionaires represented by MM. ROTHSCHILD. The terms, indeed, are not very favourable to the Italian Government; but then MM. ROTHSCHILD are MM. ROTHSCHILD. All this has not been done without incurring some pressing liabilities for the moment and great liabilities for the future. But it has been done; and, if Italy is free from any great political calamity for the next few years, Italy can quite afford to pay for it.

Nor is the Government open to much censure for what it has done with regard to GARIBALDI and the Garibaldians. It has had to quarrel with many of the fanatics of the party of action. It has had to stop one roving expedition by main force, and to put down sternly the enrolment for others. This has given great offence to those who wish to see life squandered in useless little raids, or Italy dragged prematurely into war. But it gives great satisfaction to the large majority of reflecting Italians, who think that these expeditions are as mischievous as they are absurd, and that Italy is now far enough advanced to act as a nation, and through its Government, if it acts at all. The Ministry, backed, probably, by the KING, has managed to make GARIBALDI see this, and he has retired to his goats and herbs at Caprera, rather than allow his name to be used as a sanction to the efforts of the honest fools who believe that the walls of the Quadrilateral will fall like the walls of Jericho when the trumpets of "Young Italy" sound under them. Most unwisely for their own silly cause, and most happily for the Ministry, one of the largest of the societies for illicit expeditions distinctly forced on GARIBALDI the choice between ceasing to be their chief and helping them to beard the Government. GARIBALDI had the sense to see, and the courage to permit to be seen, that he could very well dispense with being the head of a band of enthusiastic youths, but that he could not dispense with the support of the KING, the Government, and the army, if he ever hoped to see the Italian tricolour floating on the Piazza of St. Mark. It is quite true that the Ministry, by taking the line they have adopted, have had to do almost exactly what Baron RICASOLI did, and what they opposed him for doing. This is a personal triumph for Baron RICASOLI; but it does not make the Ministry wrong in doing what was right. It only shows that they have not been quite the same in office and out of office; and a baby in constitutional history knows that this sort of inconsistency is one of the inevitable accompaniments of Parliamentary Government.

The Ministers came into office with an avowed programme on the Roman question, and they seem to have adhered to it. They insisted on the absolute necessity of acting in conjunction with France. It was idle, they said, for the Italians to try to force the EMPEROR to take away his troops before he chose, and it was known that he saw great difficulties in the way of removing them. Whether with any ulterior and private design or not, he has always advised the Italians not to hurry, but to give the clerical party plenty of rope, so that it might hang itself comfortably and undeniably. The POPE has lately taken advantage of the rope, and has astonished the Christian world with another of those surprising allocutions which throw the last gleam of absurdity over his most absurd of Governments. The Ultramontane party are separating themselves more and more from the modern world, and will soon, if left alone, shriek themselves through the three stages of contempt, pity, and oblivion. So far, indeed, as the Romans go, there can be no justification of the prolongation of the temporal government for another day. Reasons of policy can never excuse the condemnation of so many hundreds of thousands of human beings to wear away their lives under such a rule. But the rest of Italy gains, probably, as much as it loses by its hopes of having Rome as its capital being deferred. It has been proved that, although Rome is

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not the centre of government, yet Naples can be held, because nine-tenths of the Neapolitans who are worth anything would rather be governed from Turin than have the BOURBONS back. It tends also greatly to the consolidation of Italy that there should be a common difficulty to surmount, and to its moral improvement that it should have to wage, not a sudden and violent, but a gradual and peaceful, contest with the pretensions of the clergy. It may also possibly turn out to be in the highest degree advantageous that the Italians should have plenty of time to reflect whether, after all, Rome would be their best capital, and whether a town exposed to such deadly malaria and so full of priests is the best station for the bodies and minds of those who are to take part in the government of the nation. Very probably the advantages of a capital having an historical superiority to the other towns of Italy may outweigh these disadvantages, but it would be satisfactory to know that these disadvantages have been seriously considered. Of course, Rome must become Italian, but it does not quite follow that it need be the capital, although, if there is a real national wish that it should be, the experiment will at least have to be tried. If the attack on Rome is to be slow, and the EMPEROR is to be consulted, it is not easy to see what has been the mistake or fault of which the Ministry has been guilty. The peculiar circumstances under which M. RATAZZI gained office always expose him to the accusation of being needlessly servile to the EMPEROR; and directly he gets into difficulties, the charge is revived that he is willing to give up Sardinia to France if Rome is evacuated. But he has denied this in the most solemn manner, which is something; and, what is a good deal more, it is scarcely possible to believe that the EMPEROR would accept payment for handing over the POPE to his enemies. He would never hear the last of his thirty pieces of silver. We are at a loss to see on what public grounds the Ministry can be successfully attacked. On private and personal grounds it may possibly be attacked justifiably and successfully. Italians must decide this for themselves, but their friends may express a hope that they will not substitute one weak Ministry for another for the mere pleasure of making the wheel of fortune spin round.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE BAR.

AS Sir GEORGE BOWYER'S Inns of Courts Bill had no supporters, it is not surprising that the lawyers in the House of Commons occupied themselves on Wednesday with the discussion of a personal controversy. It would be possibly libellous, and certainly tiresome, to investigate "the PARKER case," "the COUTTS case," or the other "cases" which illustrate Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR's professional biography. Mr. BOVILL could scarcely be contradicted in his assertion that charges of confessed fraud appeared, at first sight, to demand judicial investigation. In meeting the various accusations to which he has been unhappily subjected, Mr. D. SEYMOUR seems to have relied, with almost imprudent confidence, on the evidence of character and on his own conscious virtue. Mr. PARKER, of "the PARKER case," having found that a doubt had arisen as to the effect of a judgment on a count of fraud, offered in vain to submit the whole matter afresh to the decision of a jury. It seems that Mr. D. SEYMOUR, after long delay, has accepted the challenge, when, by an accident which he must deeply have regretted, Mr. PARKER is no longer alive to prove his case. By another oversight, arising probably from the carelessness of innocence, the object of unmerited persecution urged the Benchers to proceed with the inquiry even in the absence of a *quorum*. He also personally requested members of the tribunal to take a part in the decision, although they had not been present at the inquiry; and it was not until an unfavourable judgment had been delivered, that exception was taken to irregularities which perhaps interfered with the course of justice. Mr. D. SEYMOUR's speech in the House of Commons indicated the same inability to enter into the feelings of impartial listeners, who were not, like himself, previously aware of his entire freedom from blame. Mr. EDWIN JAMES's address to his admirers at the New York bar, though excellently adapted to the place and the occasion, is not an eligible model for the House of Commons. At the tavern meeting in New York, there was no harsh Mr. BOVILL to comment on the scornful vindication of indignant honour. It is more prudent to reserve eloquent apologies for the platform at Southampton, where Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR called on some cowardly assailant to prove his calumnies before a shouting and groaning rabble. The Southampton audience was assured that the Bench of the Middle Temple had agreed to an honourable acquittal;

but on mature reflection, after considering the documents which have since been published in the newspapers, Mr. D. SEYMOUR appears not to have repeated the statement in the House of Commons. It is, indeed, only among his constituents that he appears to have met with equitable and candid appreciation. The Northern Circuit has excluded him from the bar-mess, and even the House of Commons cannot force gentlemen to dine in the company of those whom they unreasonably dislike. As Mr. D. SEYMOUR explained in his speech at Southampton, his remarkable abilities and success have provoked the hostility of his envious rivals. It is well known that the most brilliant advocates and the profoundest lawyers are always similarly exposed to the malignity of jealous competitors. Mr. EDWIN JAMES himself was, as he stated at New York, systematically persecuted by the Bench for defending BERNARD, and by the aristocracy, because he had raised himself by his own abilities and integrity.

If Mr. D. SEYMOUR satisfied the House of Commons of his innocence, Sir G. GREY was not equally successful in defending the conduct of Lord CAMPBELL. Indeed, the official formula, which asserts that any functionary is incapable of doing what he has in fact done, amounts to a decorous and indirect admission of error. Lord CAMPBELL was the greatest Common Law judge of his time, but he was not exceptionally exempt from undue influences, and on one occasion at least he proved himself not a vigilant guardian of the purity of the Bar. Into his motives for promoting Mr. D. SEYMOUR it is unnecessary to inquire, but Sir G. GREY evades the issue when he says that no political crisis was impending in February 1861. There had been an important Ministerial crisis a year and a half before, and it was observed that Mr. D. SEYMOUR spoke in favour of Lord DERBY, and then voted against him. It is more to the purpose to remark that in 1861 the charges which were afterwards investigated were notorious to the profession. Lord CAMPBELL could not at that time have known that Mr. D. SEYMOUR was innocent; he ought to have known that he was suspected; and, as Mr. SEYMOUR himself has taken the trouble to show, the CHANCELLOR received distinct notice of the specific charge. As Mr. EDWIN JAMES, by some discreditable neglect, has hitherto been permitted to retain his patent as Queen's Counsel, of which it is only now sought to deprive him, it is too much to protest that the LORD CHANCELLOR for the time being is a sufficient champion of the honour of the profession which he ought to represent and defend. A notorious swindler, after the admission of his guilt by the resignation of his seat in Parliament and of his office of Recorder, is still enabled to boast in a foreign country that, although he has been disbarred, he retains his nomination by the Crown; and yet a respectable SECRETARY OF STATE asks the House of Commons to believe that no CHANCELLOR can ever bestow a silk gown on an unworthy recipient.

It was, perhaps, unlucky that the discussion of a particular scandal diverted the attention of the House from the constitution and process of the legal Boards or Councils. It was obviously improper that a highly qualified candidate for the Bench should, in a case mentioned by Sir G. BOWYER, have been excluded, as in a club, by a single black ball. When Mr. EDWIN JAMES was rejected by the unanimous vote of the Benchers, no better proof could be given that his professional associates differed from the estimate of his character which was subsequently formed by the electors of Marylebone. It is utterly unfair that a personal enemy should have power to inflict the same censure which is incurred by a long course of professional meanness or of personal dishonesty. The suggestion that the Bench should be elected by the Bar is likely to find little favour. It is much better that the post should be filled by right of ability or by the favour of attorneys; and even in modern times a silk gown generally indicates the attainment of some degree of professional success. Committee-rooms in the Temple and Lincoln's Inn would be unseemly innovations, although a vacant Mastership of the Bench might not create the wonderful excitement which seems to attend the election of two or three Coroners for Middlesex. The successful candidates would probably administer the affairs of the Inns of Court neither more nor less ably than their silk-robed predecessors. The House of Commons is not qualified to decide whether a left-handed knight ought to have his deformity perpetuated in monumental art. Even if the present CHANCELLOR has given his name to an ill-conceived building, it can scarcely be contended that the first equity lawyer in England ought under any constitution to have been excluded from a share in the government of his Inn.

The most important function of the Bench is the censorship over professional conduct, which could not perhaps be

entrusted to more competent hands. It is not necessary that every inquiry should be public, but both the tribunal and the accused ought to have the choice of publicity. If the evidence in Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR's case had been printed and circulated, it might perhaps, in the present state of the law, have given rise to an action for libel. The judgment which was published was by itself utterly unintelligible, and the person accused, in the exercise of his discretion, declined to supply the necessary commentary by the production of the evidence. Even Mr. EDWIN JAMES has been enabled to profit by the privacy of the inquiry which ended in his withdrawal after an unsuccessful offer of submission and compromise. The members of the New York Bar, who spontaneously welcomed an associate of tainted character, must bear the blame of their gratuitous sympathy; but it is not clear that the Supreme Court, in default of any official record of the proceedings, could take it for granted that one who is still of Counsel to the Queen had been duly convicted of infamous or unprofessional conduct. The Benchers could probably obtain an Act of Parliament which would authorize the publication of proceedings, either on a judgment of disbarring, or in all cases when they might think publicity conducive to the ends of justice. It would also be well that they should delegate their judicial powers to committees of limited numbers, who might deliver their judgments separately and fully. The proposal of a collective tribunal, to be formed from all the Inns of Court, deserves mature consideration, but it is more important that the Court should be small in numbers, and fixed in constitution, than that it should purport to represent the profession at large. The controlling or censorial power requires the more to be strengthened, because offending members are, in the majority of cases, popular and unscrupulous declaimers, who are always ready to appeal to an ignorant rabble. Even the exemplary Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR was tempted to ask the extemporaneous decision of a mob on questions which had taxed the attention and sagacity of practical lawyers during an elaborate inquiry.

IRISH CRIME.

THE meagre accounts which the newspapers have given of the trials before the Special Commission in Limerick and Tipperary would not perhaps justify any one in pronouncing a decided opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. BECKHAM and WALSH, the brothers BOHAN, HALLORAN, and KENNEDY may be specimens of that kindly, genial, and gracious disposition which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, in his address to a Tipperary jury, attributed to the inhabitants of that notorious district. The men who have been acquitted are entitled to the benefit of the doubts which are presumed to have weighed upon the minds of the jurors, and of that measure of confidence which the unhesitating verdict of such a tribunal must inspire.

But the trials which have been concluded, and those which are still pending, involve something even more serious than the questions raised as to the identity of the criminals with the prisoners at the bar. In each case this was the point which was laboured by the counsel for the defence, and of all the issues which can come before a jury there is none more difficult than to say how far the positive testimony of one man as to the identity of an assassin ought to be considered as outweighed by the bold and ingenious evidence of a phalanx of witnesses prepared to prove an unanswerable alibi. In spite of the suspicion which the incidents of the trials may excite as to the integrity of the juries, it is the most liberal course to assume that sufficient elements of hesitation were to be found to justify the merciful view which was taken of the evidence. But whatever the truth may be as to the identity of the persons charged with the murder of M. THIERBAULT and the attempt on Col. KNOX's life there is no room for doubt as to the part which the populace of Tipperary has taken in the matter. It is not only BOHAN and HALLORAN who have stood upon their trials, nor would the circumstances of the crimes, horrible as they were, have accounted for the deep interest which has been felt in the issue of the Special Commission. In the eyes, not only of England, but of all the civilized world, the people of Ireland are the prisoners at the bar, and the verdicts which have freed the nominal defendants have been anything but verdicts of national acquittal. Even before the opening of the Commission, the case was dark enough. By whatever hands committed, murders and outrages of the most cold-blooded character had been perpetrated in the face of day, and almost in the presence of con-
viving witnesses, and the temper with which the discomfiture

of justice has since been welcomed is conclusive evidence, if further evidence were needed, of the spirit which still animates the Irish peasantry.

Colonel KNOX, almost by a miracle, escaped with his life, and was able to identify both his assailants, and to select them from a group of men submitted to his inspection. A shadow of doubt as to one of them sufficed to prevent him from swearing to his identity, but nothing could shake the conviction with which he asserted at the trial that THOMAS BOHAN was the man who shot him. Nor was this all. There had been a sharp scuffle, in the course of which the assassin had received some severe blows on the left hand. When the prisoner was apprehended, the marks of similar blows were visible, and the obvious device for eluding this damning evidence—the suggestion that the scars had themselves impressed on the mind of Colonel KNOX the idea that BOHAN was his assailant—was defeated by the clearest evidence that the prisoner had concealed the marks until after he had been picked out as the man by whom the crime was committed. Then, and not till then, Colonel KNOX dragged his left hand to the light, and found the corroborating evidence for which he looked. It must be admitted that, if the witnesses for the defence were to be trusted, the case of the prosecution was amply met by proof of an *alibi*. Not only were witnesses forthcoming in any required numbers to testify to the exact moment when BOHAN was miles away, but the damaged hand was explained by the identical person by whom wounds precisely like those which Colonel KNOX's cane would have caused were inflicted in the course of the few hours which elapsed between the crime and the apprehension of the prisoner. Another batch of witnesses, with considerable coolness, came forward to explain that they had heard the shot and had seen the assassins run away, and this at so short a distance as to be able positively to describe their appearance as something altogether different from that of the brothers BOHAN. They were "short, stumpy men," it was said, not at all like the prisoner, and the jury seem to have credited the statement of eye-witnesses of an attempt at murder who neither pursued the criminals nor gave any assistance to the police in the detection of the real offenders. No doubt they considered themselves as, by nature and position, retained for the defence; but what is to be said of a country which could produce such witnesses, and where an acquittal on their testimony could be received with an outburst of delight? The most fastidious respect for the imaginary infallibility of trial by jury could not do more than reduce the case against BOHAN to one of the gravest suspicion. Assuming, as we do assume, that the jury were right in believing the many rather than the one, what was there in such a result to make the prisoner a popular hero? Why should Colonel KNOX be hooted because he has been shot at, and THOMAS BOHAN be caressed because he was, on strong grounds, suspected of having committed the crime? The sympathy which was shown is only intelligible if it is understood as sympathy, not with BOHAN personally, but with the act with which he was charged.

The trial of HALLORAN was even more significant. The crime had been fully consummated, and the prisoner had nothing to fear from his victim. Several persons stated that they had heard the shots and almost seen the murder. One only identified the prisoner. He passed him on the road, a few minutes before the fatal shot, in conversation with the unhappy M. THIERBAULT. He heard the shots, and the sound of the "hammering at the dead body," and even the footsteps of the assassin as he ran away. There was, of course, the bare possibility that some one else had taken the prisoner's place in the minute or two which elapsed since the witness saw him, and we are far from saying that the jury were without excuse in giving the prisoner the benefit of the doubt. But what a doubt on which to escape conviction! And yet this man, like BOHAN, gained a popular ovation because he had won a victory over the law, and helped to proclaim that landlords might be murdered by daylight with impunity in the midst of the kindly and genial population of Tipperary.

It would be the merest affectation to pretend to be blind to the moral complicity of the peasantry at large with the crimes which the law has, on this occasion, failed to reach. Unfortunately, the symptom is not new in Ireland, but for something like fifteen years it had seemed that the old vice was being purged out, and that with increasing means and advancing civilization Ireland had outgrown the evils which poverty and recklessness were supposed to have engendered. It was hoped that the days had passed when one of these islands could be described as the home of murderers and the friends of murderers, and

when judges would be compelled to warn the people against the attempt to substitute a reign of terror and disorder for the reign of law and order. But all the lessons of the past seem to have been in vain. Neither suffering nor kindness have tamed the hearts of the people, and even the ultimate triumph of the law over each successive outbreak of the passion for blood, has failed to terrify them into submission. Just as of old, there are newspapers which court popularity by palliating crime, and witnesses who make themselves heroes by proving alibis. If, until lately, crimes of violence have decreased, their comparative rarity does not seem to have diminished the satisfaction with which they are witnessed, or the eagerness with which the failure of justice is applauded. It was, perhaps, not a very elevated philosophy which fostered the belief that moral virtues must grow out of material prosperity. The rapidity with which Ireland has been emerging from her old condition of physical degradation was accepted as a sign of a corresponding improvement in the character of her people. It is hard to be forced to relinquish this belief, but the savage joy with which the victory of violence over law is welcomed in Tipperary almost makes one despair of the long expected regeneration of unhappy Ireland.

RUSSIA.

BY a curious change of habits and of circumstances, Russia has become a country of political pamphlets. The publication is, for the most part, not indigenous, for the principal object of the writers is to influence foreign opinion; but it is remarkable that, under the immediate successor of NICHOLAS, speculation and rhetoric should be largely substituted for the autocratic argument of innumerable bayonets. The Polish exiles and the Russian refugees in Paris and London include in their number many willing disputants who prevent the complicated Slavonic controversy from flagging; and on the Imperial side, it is not unreasonable to assume that the Government encourages or employs its most prominent supporters. It is at once amusing and instructive to find that the most abstract theories are adopted by the semi-official advocates of a military and absolute monarchy. Like the attorney who forged a release to a spurious deed, Kings and Ministers have learned that high-sounding nonsense is the best answer to revolutionary generalizations. Both parties have studied in that inimitable school of political eloquence which has flourished since the establishment of the second French Empire; and as the controversy is principally conducted at Paris, it is perfectly natural to dwell on tendencies, on instincts, and on all the supposed motives of human action which have no definite or explicable meaning. While men of business take everything for granted except the special issue which waits for a decision, Continental journalists and pamphleteers find it more convenient to recur to first principles, which always admit of any application which may suit their immediate purpose. A Polish writer oratorically pronounces that conquest is an obstacle to progress, and that events have proved that the welfare of Russia is inconsistent with territorial aggrandizement. An organ of the Russian Government produces a still more striking effect by proving, on the authority of HEGEL, whom he describes as "personified philosophy," that war is an indispensable condition of progress. The collection of detached quotations from German metaphysical treatises may be confidently recommended to all polemical writers who require an inexhaustible supply of profound paradoxes and commonplaces.

Sixty years ago, FICHTE proved to the satisfaction of all enlightened students that England and France must necessarily form a single State. It is difficult to imagine what the philosopher would have said to an ingenious Pole who provides a solution for all European difficulties in a project for placing Prince ALFRED of England, by the aid of a French army, on the throne of Poland. The French Ultramontanes might perhaps object to the selection of an English heretic to fight the battle of Latin Catholicity against the Eastern Church; but it may be urged in defence of the proposal, that it is only a few degrees more extravagant than the nomination of an Austrian Archduke as King of Mexico. The world has gone backward from utilitarian traditions of expediency and the balance of power, into an age of romance and crusading adventure. Twenty years ago, it would have been difficult to defend the partition of Poland by the argument that HEGEL had recognised the transcendental necessity of war; but little surprise is now excited when Prince ALFRED's Polish supporters declare that all mankind are divided into *Buonapartés* and *Malapartés*. Political speculators have reason to bless the modern invention

of "nationalities." As every considerable State in Europe includes a mixed population, and as all languages but English are spoken under alien Governments, the combinations of possible reconstruction may be almost infinitely multiplied. When the principle was rendered popular by the establishment of the Italian Kingdom, the Poles not unnaturally claimed the benefit of the precedent by demanding that Posen and Galicia should once more be incorporated with an independent Polish State. At a later period, they discovered that a large portion of Western Russia had formed a part of mediæval Poland. Enthusiasts hoped to drive back the intruding Muscovite into the neighbourhood of the Asiatic frontier, where he would have been met by another sect of ethnologists, who would have insisted that Russia Proper is confined to the Western provinces of the Empire. By this time the friends of Poland are beginning to suspect that there are generally two sides to sentimental and philosophical propositions.

If the French troops which once landed near St. David's had succeeded in conquering and holding the county of Pembroke, an interesting dispute might have arisen as to the nationality of the inhabitants. The descendants of the Gauls would have declared that, as Celts, they were the natural rulers of Wales; while English controversialists might have proved that the inhabitants of Pembrokeshire had for centuries been known as Englishmen or as Flemings. In the end, it would perhaps have been found necessary, even without consulting HEGEL, to decide the question by the sword. On the whole, it seems likely that the Russians will not be argued out of Poland; nor can they reasonably hope to talk themselves into undisputed possession of their conquest. Swarms of pamphlets have lately been issued to prove that there are few Poles in Poland, and none, except a few landowners, in Lithuania. Official writers boldly assert that, even in the ancient kingdom, the prevalent language is a dialect of Russian; and the peasants, if they could read French, would be invited to support their national Government at St. Petersburg against a usurping aristocracy which dates back less than a thousand years. Similar appeals are addressed to Europe on behalf of the Ruthenes or Russians of Galicia, who are, it seems, oppressed not so much by the Austrian Government as by their Polish neighbours, who have erroneously been regarded as their countrymen. As few Englishmen or Frenchmen affect to understand the varieties of Slavonic dialects, it is not easy for Western devotees of nationality to decide among the conflicting claims of Governments and of tribes. Bolder and more revolutionary theorists, adopting the Russian theory in opposition to the Poles, proceed to denounce the Imperial system as an anti-national usurpation, and to advocate the institution of a Federal Russian Republic, founded on the abolition of all private property in land. It might almost be thought that the most positive and material of modern societies was about to be thrown into *hotchpot* as a subject for various Utopian experiments.

The influence of religious communion is more definite, and often more powerful, than the recondite sympathies of race and language. Two hostile sects are divided by the same frontier which separates the Russians from the Poles, and the Church of Rome has consequently, on one spot in the entire earth, exceptionally allied itself with the cause of national freedom. To the Latin clergy, Poland is but a larger Ireland, where a contest may be advantageously waged against a schismatic Government; and as the bulk of the population shares the traditional faith of the gentry, the Russians will probably fail in their revolutionary intrigue, notwithstanding the ethnological theories which may be urged in its support. The policy of exciting the peasants against their landlords was practised before supposed affinities of race were devised to excuse it. Despotism and mutiny are natural allies in their common task of levelling social distinctions; and in almost all countries the upper classes may be represented as members of an alien and dominant tribe. Foreign democrats always assert that the landed proprietors of England, although they may have bought their estates within a century, are a Norman oligarchy ruling an oppressed Saxon population. About the time of the Revolution, the French nobility were commonly described as intruding Franks, while the bulk of the community boasted of its Gaulish descent. Real or imaginary difference of race is an excellent reason for rebellion, if the oppressed nationality has other reasons for dissatisfaction. The inhabitants of Poland have long been taught to regard themselves as Poles, and the Russians have stupidly confirmed their conviction by persecuting the religion which they comprehended better than intricate questions of genealogy. The pleasure of singing seditious hymns in the presence of angry soldiers and policemen seems, for the time, to have united the whole population in a common enthusiasm against the Russians. The appoint-

ment of the Grand-Duke CONSTANTINE as Viceroy may probably be a judicious measure, and it is possible that the Poles may still be conciliated by a recurrence to the earlier policy of ALEXANDER I. A Prince of the Imperial House will try, under favourable conditions, the experiment of representing the Russian dynasty as the guardian of Polish nationality and greatness.

THE BURIALS BILL.

IT is not surprising that Sir MORTON Peto's newest project for effecting a lodgement within the territory of the Established Church should have created a considerable excitement among the Clergy. It is one of the most ingenious mechanisms for the manufacture of parish feuds that have ever been patented by any Parliamentary inventor. Last year, Sir MORTON Peto proposed to allow all Dissenting ministers to officiate in the churchyards, and to perform there whatever services they thought fit. That proposal was rejected by the House of Commons. This year he comes back with an amended project. The Dissenting minister is no longer to have an absolute right of officiating in the churchyard; but he may only do so if he first obtains the clergyman's consent. This is a short and easy way of shifting on to other and more patient shoulders the burden of making a troublesome decision. On general principles, it either is right or it is not, that the Dissenting minister should officiate on the Church's ground, and perform ceremonies not authorized by the Church. But the tribunal to decide that question is not the country parson, but the Imperial Legislature. No doubt it is a decision which must, in any case, bring a great deal of odium on the decider. He will be anathematized by Churchmen if he decides one way, and by Dissenters if he decides another. The Legislature seems to have no taste for exposing itself to this odium; or, at all events, Sir MORTON Peto believes that his measure will be more acceptable to politicians in that it finds a scapegoat to bear this burden in their stead. They might as well have been called upon to evade the difficulties of the Protection controversy, by leaving it to the Customs' collectors at each port to decide whether there should be free trade in corn or not. Indeed, such a proposal would have been the less objectionable one of the two. A Custom-House collector is not specially charged to cultivate the good-will of those who come within the scope of his duty; and a feud with them would not necessarily diminish his efficiency. But a parish priest is the very last functionary upon whom the Legislature should seek to devolve the unpopularity from which itself recoils. We believe that great scandal and confusion would arise from an attempt to admit all sorts and kinds of religionists to perform their ceremonies in the same churchyard. In fact, until the millennium arrives, and the lion is willing to lie down with the lamb, any such realization of the ideal of comprehension would only end in constant riots. But even this evil, great as it would be, would be less than that of making each case a question of parish politics, and arraying against the clergyman personally all the feelings of intense hostility which are so quickly aroused by even the suspicion of a slight upon the memory of a newly-departed friend.

The Bill, however, does not leave its work in this incomplete condition. It takes a good Parliamentary security for the effective propagation of ill-will. Sir MORTON is not content that the clergy should incur the odium that Parliament ought to bear by giving the decision that Parliament ought to give. He requires that they should do what Parliament is much too wise to do—assign reasons for every decision to which they come. "Never give your reasons," was the proverbial advice given to a judge who wished to avoid committing himself. As Sir MORTON Peto's wishes point precisely in the opposite direction, he naturally gives just the opposite rule. He wishes the clergy to commit themselves, and therefore he forces them to give their reasons. The reasons so given are to be forwarded to the Bishop, by whom they are to be forwarded to that highest of all ecclesiastical dignitaries, the Secretary of State. From him, of course, they will be annually called for by a Non-conformist member. The Blue-Book which will result will no doubt be, in a literary point of view, a very remarkable composition. The objections of the clergy to Dissenting burials may naturally take a very wide range. In some cases, they will object to the tenets of the sect whose rites are to be performed at the grave; and the objection will no doubt be stated in the most trenchant and forcible language each clergyman can command. In other cases, it may be the character borne by the deceased—or in others, the character of the Dissenting ministers themselves. All these objections, turning upon allegations of a very

delicate character, and couched in the simple and undiplomatic language which country residents habitually use, will be duly printed at the national expense in a Blue Book, and will be sold to the public at a low price. Filtered through Non-conformist and county newspapers, each objection will in due time return back to the parish where it was originally composed. Every friend of the deceased person whose burial was in dispute, and every minister and member of the community to which he belonged, will have the opportunity of studying the picture drawn of himself or his friends by his pastor's discriminating hand. Probably it will contain touches in whose fidelity he will find himself bound in honour not to acquiesce. The county newspaper, or the Easter vestry, will furnish an opportunity for a spirited rejoinder; or if they should be unavailable, retorts of a more summary and incisive character may be traced with a piece of chalk upon the church door. A general parochial row will be the consequence. The clergyman will become more ecclesiastical, the Dissenters more dissenting than ever; on both sides, anathemas variously phrased will become the staple of pulpit eloquence; immediate adherents on both sides will occupy themselves with devising controversial taunts for the discomfiture of the enemy; and the profane and neutral mass will amuse themselves rarely with the spectacle of the black coats quarrelling.

Whatever the evil of local feuds may be, they must be boldly faced, if an important grievance can be redressed in no other way. But in this case the grievance is infinitesimal; and what there is of it is capable of a very simple and easy method of redress. The Bill professes to be a Bill for the relief of Dissenters. But the mass of Dissenters have in reality no concern with it. They are perfectly satisfied to be buried in the parish churchyard by the clergyman according to the forms of the Established Church. The Burial Service is happily one upon which no dogmatic controversy arises. On the other hand, the clergyman is bound by law to bury all his parishioners according to that form, without taking any cognizance of ecclesiastical offences which they may have committed during their lives. There is but one exception. The rubric directs that the form shall not be used over those who die unbaptized. It is entirely composed on the assumption that the deceased person was a Christian; and there is but one broad test of Christianity. Unluckily, owing to the peculiar views of the sect of Baptists, their children are not baptized in infancy; and therefore, if they die at that age, they come within the range of that rubric. The Baptists are not a very numerous sect, and the children that die in infancy must obviously be but a small fraction of the whole; and of these the greater part live within reach of the cemeteries with which most large towns are now provided, and to which Dissenting ministers have access. The area of the grievance is, therefore, exceedingly small. The remedy for it, such as it is, is very simple. It is only in the rural districts, where there are no cemeteries within reach, that it is felt; and in such districts a bit of waste land is not exorbitantly dear. In Wales—where the chief strength of the Baptists lies—land happens to be exceptionally cheap. If they cannot bury their children in the churchyard, let them procure a plot of land in each district where they can bury them in their own fashion without troubling their neighbours. In most cases they could probably obtain it as a gift. Anyhow, the money Sir MORTON Peto has spent upon this and kindred agitations would probably suffice to provide a burying-ground for every Baptist community in the kingdom that desired one.

The obviousness of this remedy invites the remark that a remedy is precisely what the Liberation Society do not desire. Their great object is to establish a raw in every parish into which they can penetrate. When they have established a raw, they proceed industriously to rub at it until they have produced an amount of inflammation which gives them a show of reason in demanding an amputation. They have worked the defects of the law of Church Rates with great success in this direction. Not being able to find a similar flaw in the law of Burials, they come to the Legislature and ask it to make one. When that flaw is fairly made, they will work it diligently for a certain number of years; and when burial disturbances have become a matter of common notoriety, they will represent to Parliament that the only way to restore peace to the Church of England is to open the churches and churchyards to religionists of all kinds. It is not astonishing, therefore, that they persevere in pressing Sir MORTON Peto's Bill. The opportunities of agitation that are opening to them, and the prizes to which it promises to lead, are too attractive to give up. The mere redress of the Baptists' microscopic grievance would be a poor compensation for such a loss.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

MR. WELLES, Federal Secretary of the Naval Department, recommends Congress to provide still more gunboats and navy yards on the ground that war is not improbable. In the American political dialect, war means war with England, and it is not the fault of the Minister who sanctioned the capture of the *Trent* that the calamity which he forebodes or invites has not long since fallen on his country. There is, at present, no apparent cause of quarrel, and it is scarcely credible that even Americans should engage in a wanton and ruinous conflict merely under the inspiration of hatred and envy. Perhaps Mr. WELLES only desires to enforce by a popular argument his recommendation of augmented floating armaments. The Federal Government is fully justified in prizing the instruments to which it is indebted for the success which it has achieved. The command of the sea and the coasts has enabled them to contend again with heavy artillery; and as all the principal cities are within cannon shot of the water, the Confederates are compelled successively to evacuate positions which, in ordinary warfare, would have been unassailable. The insolence which is inspired by irresistible strength and assured impunity will not fail to produce its natural consequences hereafter. For the present, the Federal commanders can safely disregard the laws of war and the plain dictates of humanity. At Galveston, the foreign consuls are informed that they will receive no favour in a bombardment. Commodore FARRAGUT actually threatened to bombard New Orleans after he had received official notice that no resistance would be offered to his forces. FERDINAND of Naples never threw off the odious nickname which he had earned by bombarding Palermo when it was in full insurrection; but the Northern population will unanimously applaud the threatened destruction of an American city which had merely abstained from hoisting the flag of the hated conqueror. That a Commodore should propose to commit wholesale murder, and that a General should make war upon women, are proofs of vigour which by no means shock Federal susceptibilities. The extravagances of coarse military adventurers are, in truth, a proof of the local incapacity of the enemy to resist. The loss of the *Mississippi* is the greatest misfortune which has happened to the Confederates, and, in default of naval resources, it would seem scarcely possible for them to retrieve the disaster.

Out of range of the gunboats, the Southern generals and troops maintain their wonted superiority. In a two months' campaign in Virginia, the Federals appear never to have succeeded in a single battle or skirmish. Their opponents deserve the more credit because they have almost always fought to cover a retreat. At Williamsburg and at West Point they inflicted heavy loss on the invaders, and then retired without molestation. At the Seven Pines they took all the guns and baggage of a Federal division, which they had first chased in confusion from the field. General JACKSON, somewhat earlier, drove BANKS across the Potomac, and he has since fought two successful combats with FREMONT or his lieutenants. According to the latest accounts, he was about to rejoin the main army at Richmond after the most brilliant incidental campaign of the war. The news from the West is less definite, but after due allowance for official fictions, it may be collected that BEAUREGARD has deceived and outgeneralled HALLECK. There is not the smallest reason for believing that he has lost 20,000 men by capture and desertion, for the 10,000 prisoners lately taken by General POPE have apparently not since been heard of. The same invaluable historians who proclaim that the war in the West is at an end, also declare that BEAUREGARD is still at the head of 80,000 men. It is not unlikely that the Confederates have succeeded in imposing on the enemy by a judicious exaggeration of their own numbers. Their strategy is that of a weaker force delaying the advance of a superior adversary, although they have repeatedly contrived to concentrate overwhelming numbers at particular points. The progress of the invader has been so slow that the time has scarcely yet arrived for acting by detached columns on his communications; yet in Tennessee, and even in Northern Virginia, the commencement of a desultory warfare begins to excite reasonable alarm.

While military operations flag, the politicians of Washington show no inclination to adopt either peaceful counsels or financial precautions. Zealous patriots in Congress promote reunion by proposing that the Federal armies in the South shall maintain themselves on the property of rebels, or in other words, by organized plunder. General BUTLER's proclamation is tacitly approved, and General HUNTER still exercises authority in the regions where he has irretrievably offended the whole population. The indulgence of revenge is an

expensive luxury, and empty menaces are more costly in proportion to the satisfaction which they afford than acts of positive oppression. The implacable resentment of the South is purchased at the rate of three or four millions of dollars a-day. As the Federalists have determined on incurring the outlay, it is well to consider how the necessary funds are to be raised. The latest suggestion is that 30,000,000*l.* more of paper-money should be issued, and the Government will probably not be disinclined to profit by so convenient a resource. In the meantime, Congress is amusing itself with the construction of a scheme of taxation which is at least sufficiently comprehensive. The New World, notwithstanding its boasted originality, is forced to resort to the obsolete devices of European financiers; yet it may be urged on behalf of Federal projectors that there is some novelty in taxes which are perhaps never to be exacted, although they have been elaborately discussed. If the Congress at Washington showed itself more eager to provide a revenue, it would be unfair to dwell on the stringent minuteness of the taxes which are proposed. English precedents may be quoted for almost all the petty imposts which are ridiculed as inconsistent with modern systems of economy. PITT's tariffs and tax-bills endeavoured to include in their purview every commodity which could be bought, or used, or consumed; and only a few years ago every householder in England annually received a printed schedule, including a form of diminished duty on hair-powder, if he had to provide it for six unmarried daughters. It depends on circumstances whether a few heavy taxes are more or less productive than a multitude of petty charges. The Americans have already sacrificed their customs' revenue to the selfish interests of particular classes, and they find it difficult to raise, even upon paper, a sufficient income from stamps, from excise duties, and from direct taxes. The main objection to their fiscal plans is, that they are apparently not brought forward in earnest. The war has lasted for more than a year, and the session for many months, and yet not a single tax has been either paid, or even imposed. The amendments of the Senate may, perhaps, be rejected by the House, and it is not even thought impossible that Congress may separate before it has discharged the primary duty of providing means for the war. Foreigners have nothing to do with the adjustment of internal burdens, if a Tax Bill is ultimately passed; but it may not be inexpedient to denounce as a vicious precedent the proposed imposition of a graduated income-tax. The richer classes are to pay three times the rate exacted from property which happens to be subdivided, and, therefore, wealth of the same kind is to vary in value according to the accident of ownership. Foreign holders of American railway shares have reason to complain of a tax of three per cent. on the gross returns of the undertaking. In the most favourable cases, the tax will amount to six per cent. on the net revenue, and in many instances it will swallow the beneficial interest of the shareholders. On the whole, however, it is scarcely worth while to discuss the details of a Budget which may never receive legislative sanction. The Federal Government and the whole community seem well contented to rely on inexhaustible issues of loans and paper-money.

It is not surprising that the public stocks continue to be nominally buoyant. Government bonds are as likely to be redeemed in specie as the notes with which they are freely purchased on the Exchange. The premium on gold has already risen to 7½ per cent.—or, in other words, all kinds of paper are depreciated in the same ratio. Prices of commodities have probably risen still more rapidly, and, if so, the currency which is used in retail transactions may have sunk in relative value, as compared with securities bearing interest. Several years elapsed, after the suspension of cash payments in England, before the notes of the Bank of England were depreciated to the amount of seven per cent., but the proportionate variations in the price of gold inadequately represent the fiscal policy of Mr. PITT and his successors, as compared with the proceedings of Mr. CHASE. The only taxpayers in the Federal States are, thus far, the voluntary contributors to loans, and the contractors or other creditors of the Government. It may be truly urged that the country is not impoverished by extracting money from those who have it to spare, rather than from the unwilling mass of the community. All financial difficulties have been dealt with for the present; and if the public obligations are not ultimately redeemed, the credulous lenders will be the principal sufferers. The embarrassment which awaits the Government will take the form of a collapse of credit, which will render the emission of paper money and the contraction of loans equally impracticable. The evil day has been delayed by the coexistence of two kinds of debt, which seemingly balance and support one another.

Treasury Notes are useful to buy Treasury Bonds, which in turn are floated by the abundance of notes. English economists have, for the most part, been surprised by the postponement of the inevitable catastrophe, but they are not the less convinced that it must certainly occur if the war is prolonged. The vast production of gold in California and Australia may eventually relieve the Federal Government from the necessity of repudiating its obligations; but the fall in the value of the precious metals is not likely to keep pace with the depreciation of inconvertible paper.

QUESTIONERS.

THE dignity of the House of Commons is a subtle, impalpable essence, which it is not given to the eye to see, or to the mind of logician to define. It must exist, for it is appealed to by every orator, especially when he wishes to be solemn and impressive. But it presents many signs of its transcendental character, soaring far beyond human ken. Like a saint, its existence is principally known by the invocations that are addressed to it. Like a ghost, it is invulnerable to all worldly weapons of attack. The pecuniary troubles of some of its most talkative lawyers, the mutual imputations that passed the other night between Mr. LAYARD and Mr. MAGUIRE, and that constantly pass between Sir ROBERT PEEL and the Irish members, do not appear to inflict upon it any wound. After a session of which such pleasant passages are the most distinctive feature, the House is still as full of dignity as before. With such proofs of its invulnerability before us, it may seem absurd to assert that anything is injurious to the dignity of the House of Commons. But, if the absurdity of its members can be said to have any effect upon its reputation, we should be of opinion that those of them who cover it with the most ridicule are the race of foreign questioners. They are men of a peculiar type, whose character and position are thoroughly appreciated in England, but are unfortunately more liable to be misunderstood abroad. Questioning a Minister upon foreign affairs is an industry of a special kind. It appears wholly to engross the souls of those who devote themselves to its pursuit. They occasionally, though very seldom, speak at length; but when they do, their speeches possess a very considerable force. But it is a force of an essentially centrifugal character. The rising of a foreign questioner to speak is pretty sure to lead, at no distant hour, to the rising of the House to dine. But they rarely venture so far beyond their craft. Their real profession and employment is to ask the Foreign Minister questions concerning the internal affairs of every civilized State, with the single exception of England. These questions they usually phrase in a manner calculated to insult, to the utmost practicable extent, the State which they are handling, and to imply that the House of Commons is only performing its most rudimentary duties in sitting in judgment upon that State's proceedings. In order to economize their labours, they generally map out the world among them. One member takes Spain, another Italy, a third takes Austria, and a fourth takes China. Mr. DARBY GRIFFITHS is the Coryphæus of the band; for he has devoted himself to the task with a vigour entirely his own. His questions are not desultory and occasional. They form a series, from which any future biographer who shall desire to publish "The maxims and opinions of Mr. DARBY GRIFFITHS," will be able to collect his views upon every event in Continental History. But he does not extend his scrutiny so far as some of his coadjutors. He confines his questions to subjects which may, by some process of reasoning, be accounted as of international interest. His lieutenant and imitator, Mr. FREELAND, will not consent so to limit the jurisdiction of the English Parliament. He catechises the UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE upon the taxation of the Austrian dominions, without apparently entertaining the faintest misgiving that such a subject is beyond the scope of the powers of the House of Commons.

These questions would be a trivial matter enough, if they were merely the outcrop of individual vanity. But they indicate a temper that has been long growing upon the House of Commons. Lord PALMERSTON was the first man who discovered that Liberal pledges might be conveniently fulfilled by generous declamation in favour of the oppressed of other lands. Little exception could be taken to the objects on whom his sympathies were lavished, if the assumption was once made that the House of Commons was the place in which those sympathies ought to be expressed. The example was far too convenient not to be contagious. The new recipe for fulfilling hustings promises without any damage to the English Constitution was welcomed with avidity, and acted upon without delay. Hard cases are said to make bad precedents. Nothing

has contributed so much to demoralize the House of Commons as the general justice and nobleness of the views which Lord PALMERSTON has expressed in the House on passing events abroad. Smaller men have eagerly followed and exaggerated his example. Sir GEORGE BOWYER has constituted himself the censor of Turin, Mr. MAGUIRE of Constantinople, and, till he took office, Sir ROBERT PEEL created himself into an English Grand Inquisitor of the doings at Madrid. Thus a new field has been opened to the discursive impulses which members are incompetent to restrain. The affairs which properly belong to the House of Commons to decide are voluminous enough to satisfy the greediest cormorants of work. But, in addition to these duties, which it fulfils very imperfectly, it now adds a general supervision over all Europe, half America, the greater part of Asia, and the coast line of Africa. It is presumable that pamphlets are not so much read as they used to be, and that those who, in better days, would have been content to publish, are fain to speak, in order that they may be secure of readers.

The frequency of these foreign discussions is fully explained by the enormous advantages which they hold out to members. Now that domestic legislation is at a stand-still, it is very difficult for a zealous representative to advertise the purity of his opinions. He may be an admirable Liberal or Tory, Catholic or Protestant; but how is he to persuade his constituents that his orthodox convictions are undimmed? Measures of organic change have been laid aside by common consent; so that he has no longer the opportunity which Mr. LOCKE KING's and other annuals used to afford. But the politics of a foreign State offer him a peculiar and most eligible opening for a proclamation of his own untarnished fidelity to his party principles. He can express himself upon them as strongly as he likes, and without fear of consequences. If he is too round and plump in his declarations in respect to home affairs, there is always the possibility that a change of Ministry may leave him in an awkward dilemma. He may be placed under the disagreeable necessity of carrying his own former professions into practice. But an opinion upon Italian or Turkish politics leaves him entirely at his ease. Whatever views he may have expressed for the satisfaction of his constituents, there is no possibility of his ever being obliged to put them into practical effect. So far as individual members are concerned, the temptation to legislate for other countries, and not for their own, is very great. But the practice places us in a ridiculous light abroad. England is known on the Continent for the tenacity with which she adheres to the principle of non-intervention, which was so strongly laid down after the Peace of 1815. We have steadily refused to interfere by force of arms either to prevent sovereigns from butchering their subjects or subjects from exiling their sovereigns. Our material strength is never felt in a Continental quarrel. On the other hand, our sympathies are very active. We battle, in words, bravely for the right. We do not present the claimant to whom our sympathies are given with the aid of armies and fleets, after the coarse fashion of the Emperor of the FRENCH; but we present them with our moral support. This is a very intelligible arrangement; and if the oppressed nationalities like it, it is decidedly advantageous for both sides. But it is not a favourable foundation for a superstructure of brag. A non-intervention policy has innumerable advantages of its own, but it hardly furnishes an opening for self-laudations upon the virtue of generosity. The nation that never does anything to support the cause with which it professes to sympathize should be chary of admonition. There is nothing ridiculous in the debates upon Italian affairs which take place in the French Chambers; for the French have bought the right of advising with their blood. There is something dignified in the haughty silence which Russia has observed with respect to the internal politics of Italy; but only ridicule can attach to the mongrel policy which is pursued by the House of Commons. The thrifty plan of combining the glory of intervention with the cheapness of inaction seldom saves money, and is apt to incur ridicule. Whatever good our diplomatic interference has effected might have been equally achieved without making the House of Commons a debating society for the discussion of evils which it has no power to allay. If legislative assemblies are to employ their time in criticizing the governments of other nations, we are not immaculate. Yet we should not be very well contented if the DARBY GRIFFITHS of Turin were to invite the Italian Parliament to a debate upon the affairs of Ireland, or if the FREELAND of Paris were to address interpellations to the Minister touching the justice of the English Income-tax. We may safely assume that the feelings which we should experience

at such impertinence are not inactive in the breasts of the nations on whom we bestow such prodigal subsidies of advice. Such resentment is not likely to be mitigated by the circumstance, which is only too obvious, that the tone of our advice is pitched with a careful regard to the military force of the Power we advise. Mr. DARBY GRIFFITHS's foreign catechism includes no allusions to Lambessa and Cayenne; and it is probable that if Italy possessed an unemployed army of six hundred thousand men, both he and Mr. FREELAND would transfer their curiosity to the Herzegovina. Continental observers are not blind to this peculiar feature in our mania for giving advice. And the only result of the observation appears to be a passionate desire that they may some day or other be in a position to give us advice in the same sort of tone in which we now offer it to them.

MR. COBDEN AND THE PHILANTHROPISTS.

MR. COBDEN has just enriched political philosophy and ethics with a discovery which is certainly important, if true, but which is profoundly melancholy in itself, and must be inexpressibly painful to his own mind. It is neither more nor less than that the successful cultivation of the arts of peace predisposes a nation to war, and that the prosperity which comes of free trade is essentially demoralizing. This strange dogma—doubly strange from such a quarter—was promulgated at a conversazione held the other night by the Friends of Peace and of their species, at the house of an eminent philanthropist in Bedford Square, for a report of which we are indebted to the *Morning Star*. Mr. COBDEN, on that occasion, declared himself deeply dissatisfied with the political and moral results of his own too successful labours for the promotion of the material well-being of his countrymen. Free trade has, as he anticipated, brought with it an unexampled commercial prosperity, but that prosperity has unhappily turned out to be the worst of public calamities. It has lowered our national morality, corrupted our tastes, and even vitiated our literature. It has made us insolent, vainglorious, luxurious, and frivolous. Above all, it has developed the war mania to an extent that is perfectly frightful. "He believed," that the present retrograde state of opinion on the subject of "a policy of peace was greatly owing to the commercial and general prosperity of the last few years. Some time since, when peace was more popular, we were emerging from adversity, and were in the peaceable frame of mind which adversity begets. Now we were displaying the vainglorious and pugnacious effects of prosperity. This was shown not only by the mania for armaments and amateur soldiering of the day, but also by the growth of expensive luxuries and frivolous amusements. Literature had caught the taint; and as for politics, they had become a jest." This is about the most doleful commentary ever pronounced by a public man on the results of his own labours. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity. Mr. COBDEN finds himself forced to the disheartening conclusion that he has been the unwitting instrument of corrupting and debauching the minds of his countrymen. The great work of his life stands condemned as one vast mistake. As he looks back on a wasted existence, he is constrained to confess that he has made the world worse than he found it. It is economically good, but morally bad, for a people to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, and get rich accordingly. The extended commercial intercourse which was once proclaimed to be the harbinger of a millennial peace has merely developed the worst propensities of our pugnacious nature, and hardened the heart of a frivolous and mocking generation against the sublime moralities of platform philanthropy. The Free-trade champion has only shown his countrymen the way to a prosperity which they turn to the basest uses. The author of the Commercial Treaty has but ministered to a depraved appetite for expensive luxuries. We do not remember that the very landlords themselves, in the hottest days of the fight for Protection, said anything half so bad as this of that economical creed which, in the judgment of its chief apostle, has at once added to the national wealth and poisoned the national mind.

It is odd that Mr. COBDEN does not propose to meet the evil of a redundant prosperity with its natural and obvious corrective. If there is anything intrinsically demoralizing in the general well-being which results from extended trade and a sound system of finance, the remedy is not far to seek, and it might have been thought that so logical a thinker would unflinchingly point it out. Perhaps, at some future gathering of the Friends of Mankind, it may occur to Mr. COBDEN to suggest that a return to the fiscal restrictions on commerce which he has unfortunately succeeded in abolishing would have the

desired effect of regenerating the national morals, and developing the pacific and other virtues which befit a Christian people. Meanwhile, it may be consolatory to reflect that his desponding estimate of the work of his own hands rests, after all, on very inadequate evidence. It is not altogether clear, in the first place, that the fact which lies at the basis of his melancholy moralizings is a fact at all. We are not aware of any ground on which it can be asserted that a policy of peace is less popular in England at this moment than it has been at any former time within living memory, though it is undoubtedly true that the English people are more impressed than heretofore with the necessity of maintaining peace by efficient defensive armaments. As it happens, the most popular statesman of the day is steadily pursuing, with universal approval, a policy of peace, under circumstances of unusual difficulty; and the country cheerfully submits to the painful sacrifices which it involves. And even if there were a particle of truth in the allegation that Englishmen are just now eager for a fight, it would still remain to be proved that so un-Christian a temper of mind is the result of commercial prosperity. A general diffusion of the comforts and enjoyments of civilized existence, though unhappily quite compatible with a low tone of public morality, is not necessarily conducive to national depravity. One does not see why a people should be the more ready to pick quarrels with its neighbours merely because it is getting on well in the world, and has large interests at stake which war would inevitably jeopardize. The theory of Mr. COBDEN's school used to be the exact contrary to this; and though the doctrine of the peace-making efficacy of lucrative commerce has been habitually pushed by him and others to preposterous lengths, it is not wholly absurd. We may congratulate him on having renounced the dangerous fallacy that mutually profitable trade is an infallible specific against the evil passions which plunge nations into war; but there is no occasion to rush into the opposite extreme, and to say that it is bad for people's morals to make money and enjoy themselves. On the whole, we feel bound to exonerate Mr. COBDEN from the distressing imputation which his own inconsiderate reasoning casts upon him. Let him make his mind easy. Englishmen may not be much the better, but they are not a whit the worse, for the French wines, and silks, and *bijouterie*, and other "expensive luxuries," which he has so zealously laboured to naturalize among us. The "pugnacious effects" of cheap bread and prosperity are a pure fiction of his own imagination.

This eccentric theory of the demoralizing operation of general contentment and well-being was not Mr. COBDEN's only contribution to the Bedford Square feast of reason and philanthropy. He introduced to the meeting a M. BARBIER, who, with his apparent approval, expounded a highly ingenious, yet admirably simple, project for accelerating the arrival of the millennium. M. BARBIER has discovered that "difference of language is the great drawback to the friendly intercourse of mankind," and that war would be as good as impossible if everybody could speak everybody else's tongue. Accordingly, he has devised a scheme for what he calls "International Colleges," where little boys of "various nationalities" are to be taught to jabber all known languages as glibly as their own—the effect of which, of course, will be that the art of war will die out with the present generation. The proposal happily illustrates that faculty of ignoring all the facts of contemporaneous history which is one of the most distinctive characteristics of enlightened philanthropy. It does not seem to have struck any of the assembled philosophers that the very biggest and fiercest war that this age has seen is a war between two communities speaking one and the same mother-tongue. No one pointed out to the projector of the International Colleges that the struggle between Federals and Confederates derives much of its peculiar ferocity from the circumstance that every insolent, spiteful, and savage word that is said on the one side is taken up on the other with an instant and perfect comprehension of its meaning. It is precisely because North and South understand each other without the help of an interpreter that they hate each other with a bitterness unknown in European politics. It is doubtful whether England and France would be much better friends if every Englishman spoke French, and every Frenchman English, like a native; but it is certain that one of the best things that could happen, in the interests of peace, to the two sections of the American people, would be some new confusion of tongues that should render their respective outpourings of vituperative rhetoric mutually unintelligible. Difference of language may unquestionably impede friendly intercourse, but identity of language furnishes fatal facilities for unfriendly intercourse. All things considered, the scheme

of International Colleges may be postponed, without disadvantage to mankind, until we have more satisfactory evidence of the pacific efficacy of community of speech between independent and rival nations.

The proceedings of the evening terminated, we are told, with "some impressive remarks from Mr. CODDEN," in which he "pointed out instances of the signal benefits which had attended the operations of the Peace Society." It is to be regretted that the reporter did not think it necessary to preserve remarks which might have elucidated a subject on which our existing information is painfully meagre. Few persons are aware of any benefit which has, in any instance, attended the operations of the professional peace-mongers. They encouraged the Emperor NICHOLAS to persist in the aggressions which led to the Crimean war; they cried "Perish Savoy!" while it still seemed uncertain whether NAPOLEON III. would seize the approaches to Switzerland; they did their best to persuade Mr. SEWARD that he might safely trifle with the British demand for redress of the *Trent* outrage; and they have openly applauded and stimulated a colossal war of conquest which would be "wanton and wicked" only that it is waged in the sacred cause of pure democracy. We are not aware of any other signal instance of benefits conferred on mankind by a clique of busybodies who are only known to the world by their sycophantic adulation of military despots, their contempt for the rights of independent States, and their ostentatious antipathy to the institutions, the policy, and the free national life of their own country.

DOCKYARD DEFENCES.

A MORE difficult question than that which has come so frequently before Parliament as to the best mode of defending our dockyards and arsenals can scarcely be conceived, though the difficulty is of a kind which has to be grappled with in every step, whether of national or individual progress. The problem really comes to this—to construct, upon data as shifting as a quicksand, a comprehensive scheme which shall adapt itself equally to the present and the future. It matters not what the plan is—it is certain to be open to the attacks of those who insist upon having conclusive proof where nothing but more or less reasonable conjecture is possible. The last discussions in the two Houses of Parliament show some indications of a temper of mind which almost always supervenes upon the consideration of an important and uncertain question. Not knowing how to decide—bewildered by conflicting doubts—seeing the possibility, almost the probability, of going more or less astray whatever direction may be taken—it is as natural as it is hopeless to take refuge in a determination not to decide at all. But it is forgotten that to postpone decision indefinitely is in fact to decide, and perhaps to decide in the way which may turn out to be the worst of all the contradictory proposals.

There is a section of the House of Commons which has arrived at the definite conclusion that fixed fortifications, whether formed upon land or built in the sea, are of little use against modern weapons of attack, and are destined to become less serviceable with every improvement in military science. There is another small body of enthusiasts for forts, who discern in the future the inventions which are to increase indefinitely the range of protection which a first-class battery can command, while they are blind to the possibility that the resources of engineering may increase the resisting powers of a ship as rapidly as the destructive force of artillery. Both of these positions are intelligible, and both are probably wrong. But the great mass of opinion which determines the action of the country seems at present to be as unsteady and helpless as the *Great Eastern* was, without a rudder, in the gale which nearly sent her to the bottom. Those who recognise the difficulties and uncertainties which enthusiasts on either side ignore may be philosophically nearer the truth than those from whom they differ, but the practical result of their wisdom is that nothing is done because it is doubtful which of two proposals ought to be preferred. The further postponement of a large part of the fortification scheme of the Government was, as a matter of course, treated by Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE as a capitulation of the half-built forts to his projected fleet of floating batteries; but in truth the conclusion expresses little else than the utter bewilderment in which conflicting experiments and antagonistic predictions have left the public mind.

In the midst of this chaos of doubt, there is one point which is as certain now as it was ten years ago, when the defence of the dockyards was first projected. Whatever be the arm on which we are mainly to rely for the protection of the country, the conclusion is the same. Assuming, as most rational persons will do, that Mr. OSBORNE is right in preferring the Royal Marine

as his insurance office against the calamities of war, there is but one way of securing the stability of this protection. The navy itself is but a rotten reed to lean upon, unless the cradle and nursery of the navy is made secure. By some means or other the dockyards must be made safe against a sudden attack which, by destroying the means of building and repairing the fleet, would destroy the fleet itself more effectually than even a naval defeat would do. In the midst of doubts whether a sufficient portion of the navy can be spared to protect at all times the harbours and dockyards on which its existence depends, or whether it would not be safer and more economical to leave the fleet free for offensive operations by providing other means of defence for Portsmouth and Plymouth, there is some danger lest we should end by forgetting to protect the dockyards at all. If ships are to be preferred to forts for this special duty, we shall need a vast increase in our iron-clad vessels beyond the force, whatever it may be, which the ordinary duties of the navy would absorb; and it is idle to reject fortifications, as Mr. OSBORNE and his friends seem disposed to do, without making a corresponding addition to the fleet which is destined to take their place. And yet this is really what is asked by the economists in both Houses of Parliament. Lord GREY expressly says he would have nothing done because it is uncertain what it would be best to do. He takes credit for having successfully objected to every class of ships because it was possible that they might all be superseded by future inventions. He objects to fortifications on the same principle. But if his predictions have been sound, his advice has been bad. Had it been taken a few years ago, we should have been without a fleet when the *Trent* dispute arose. Wooden ships are, no doubt, obsolete; but they have not the less done their part in the defence of the country. Of all the proposals brought forward, the proposal to wait till invention is exhausted is the most impractical.

The delay which has been conceded with reference to the Spithead Forts may possibly afford opportunity for experiments sufficiently decisive to settle the controversy; and the rapid transition which is going on in the construction both of ships and guns may perhaps excuse the loss of some months of priceless time. But it is just as likely that, at the end of six months, we may have more powerful guns and better protected ships, and that the relative position which they are ultimately to occupy may be as little ascertained as it is at this moment. What is to be done in this event? Are we to wait again for further light from Shoeburyness or from the Mississippi, or are we to delay yet again until the crucial experiment is tried with Portsmouth dockyard as the target? At present, we have neither the ships of the one party nor the forts of the other; and, without professing to give the preference to this or that plan, we confess we should feel more secure if either were adopted than while the dockyards remain undefended either by fixed or floating batteries, and exposed to instant destruction, as they now are, by any enemy who can for a few hours elude the vigilance of a Channel fleet. While we are discussing which is the best lock to put upon the stable-door, the steed may be stolen, and even the less efficient of the rival methods of defence would certainly make our dockyards safer than no defence at all. It may be said—and indeed has been said, in effect, by Mr. DISRAELI and other equally patriotic speakers—that, under the shadow of an Emperor of unexampled amiability, we need be in no hurry to look elsewhere for safety. But neither forts nor shield-ships can be built in a day, and with the utmost despatch it will take several years to complete an efficient system of defence on any plan. Let any one look back over a few successive periods of three or four years, and say with how much confidence the peace enjoyed at the commencement of each interval could have been predicted for its close, and it will scarcely be thought unreasonable to insist that no time should be lost in commencing in earnest the preparations so long delayed for making our dockyards impregnable at least to a *coup de main*. There is one common element in every plan. Even the Commissioners who proposed the forts made a strong fleet of floating batteries one of the essential ingredients of their scheme of defence. Whether shield-ships and steam-rams are to do all or only part of the work, it cannot be wrong to press on the construction of vessels which will be required in whichever way the controversy may be at last decided. Up to the present time two or three experimental vessels are all that are in course of construction for this purpose, for it is clear that the sea-going ships now afloat or building will not be more than sufficient for the duties which will fall especially on them. If fleets are to protect the repairing yards to which the navy is to resort, they cannot be the same fleets which are to be

charged with the protection of commerce all over the world, and with the active operations which may be requisite against an enemy's coast; and the delay in proceeding with the sea-defences of Portsmouth, without any increase in the activity of our building-yards, is not the substitution of one mode of defence for another, but the total abandonment for the time of any scheme of defence whatever.

By the side of the extreme risk of standing still, the risk of moving in the wrong direction is comparatively insignificant. Whether Mr. OSBORNE showed more judgment than Lord CLARENCE PAGET in the readiness which he professed to stand inside the *Warrior* under a fire from the twelve-ton gun, is neither certain nor important. At the most, it determines nothing as to the future to say that the cannon suffered more than the target in the recent trials. We neither know what guns will be able to do, nor what iron-plates will be able to stand six months hence; but enough is ascertained to prove that, in any case, improved weapons and improved armour will retain much of their value. Every inch of iron that can be added to the coating of a ship narrows the class of artillery which she has to fear, and every addition to the force of artillery reduces in like manner the number of ships which will be able to run the gauntlet of a system of forts. As yet we have neither impregnable ships nor irresistible forts, but we have iron-sides which will shut out all but the heaviest shot, and we can build forts which will stop the passage of all but the stoutest ships. Neither the forts nor the ships which we may build are at all likely to be wholly useless, and it is certain that, in the absence of both, our dockyards will remain entirely unprotected. Some years hence we may perhaps regret that, in seeking an absolutely perfect defence, we have missed the opportunity of providing an imperfect protection which might have proved sufficient to avert a ruinous calamity.

FOREIGNERS IN ENGLAND.

WE have had about enough by this time of the Leicester Square kind of foreigner. We are tired of his airs, his impertinences, his babyish ignorance, his little fireworks of pointed sentences. The creature may possibly have done us some good, for he may have made us ask ourselves how far Leicester Square does really represent the great city of which, in the eyes of Englishmen, it forms so very insignificant a part. This is a question we do not care to discuss, for we are sick of virtuous disquisitions on vice. But that it is a matter which, in its way, is worth thinking over is quite evident, if we observe how very nearly it is the same question as that of the extent to which French novels represent France. At one moment, we are inclined to believe that they are the mere utterances of a little obscure Casino world—at another moment, they seem to give the clue to half the thoughts of all French people who are not wholly exceptional. We may also be permitted for a time to lay aside the compositions of the judicious and friendly philosopher who comes over prepared to explain to his countrymen all the deep meanings of English society and English government. He is a person of whom we wish to speak with the utmost respect, for it is by serious inquiries of this sort that real knowledge of foreign nations is gained and imparted, and real national friendships are founded and consolidated. But he is too good a specimen. We cannot expect all our foreign visitors to be judicious and philosophical. What we wish to know, or to guess, for the present, is the impression of England which the ordinary, intelligent, educated, amiable foreigner takes away with him—the man who sees everything that is to be seen, and enjoys all that is to be enjoyed; who is received not in one class only of London society, but in many; who goes to Tyburnia and Baker Street as well as to Belgravia, and who sees and observes as he goes without any thought of making his observations the source of future distinction or present emolument. We should, indeed, be also very glad to know what some few exceptional people think of things; but then, into the thoughts of exceptional people it is generally very difficult to penetrate, for the very reason that their position makes them exceptional. We should like, for example—but we should like in vain—to know what the Pasha of Egypt has thought of one or two things; how he felt more particularly when, having retreated from London to Wimbledon, and from Wimbledon to his own yacht in the Thames, he was there boarded, seized on, and pinned down by a deputation from the Scotch Church. Why on earth did a deputation from the Scotch Church go to such a man in such a place in such an audacious manner—*Que diable allaient-ils faire dans cette galère?* The feelings of the Pasha under this trial are, however, shrouded under the secrecy of a man who is at once a Serene Highness and an Oriental. Let us keep to the usual, accessible, comprehensible foreigner, and more especially to one who comes from France. Much as we admire Germans and Italians, the French are still to us the representatives of the Continent.

The first thing of which we may be sure is, that he will henceforth receive as an inextinguishable article of faith that which he has hitherto received as a probable and salutary doctrine. He will assert to the end of his days that the English climate is horrible; that what is called summer there is a time of cold, dreary showers; that the sun never makes any attempt whatever at shining; and that London is veiled for ever under a curtain

of perpetual gloom. All this has been said a hundred times. He has read it in every novel, history, chronicle, newspaper, pamphlet, gazetteer, and other publications treating of England that he has ever seen since he was a baby. But now he knows it. He has actually seen what an English June is like. The longest day presented about twenty hours of continuous twilight, with a chilly breeze and a constant threatening of rain. Week after week has passed away, and until within the last day or two there has been no break in the wretchedness of the weather. The foreigner finds himself cut off from many of his most innocent enjoyments. There is no nice hot pavement on which to saunter and breathe away cigarettes; there is no sun to see pictures by; there is no play of light and shade to set off the buildings, and the river, and the bridges, which he is quite ready to admire as much as he can; there is no disposition in the shivering frame to eat the delicious ice of sultry idleness. It is true that English friends, anxious for the honour of their country, might try to prove to him that the weather of this summer is very unusually bad. If they are of a literary turn, they may invoke the authority of standard authors to back their assertions. They may invite his attention to such poems as that of Wordsworth on "The Longest Day," and may entreat him to observe that the poet speaks of that day as of a holiday which ought to be spent in the luxury of complete ease out of doors on the grass. Wordsworth wants his friends to go with him and enjoy the heat and the flowers and the butterflies. It is absurd that any poet could have asked any friend to do this last Saturday, and therefore, last Saturday could not have been the regular type of the longest day in England. We know that this is the truth; but it is wonderful how little these assertions of natives and these quotations from literature really change the impressions of foreigners. They care no more for them than we care for the numerous descriptions in poets of the flowery delights of May. We know that we have felt May after May to be a gloomy period of severe east winds, and we are not going to be poetized out of fires and into summer clothes by any amount of descriptions of Flora and garlands and enchanted birds. Nor will the foreigner be at all shaken by learning that June this year has been nearly as bad at Paris as in London—that is irrelevant. Here is a country of which it has always been said that the climate is detestable; he has seen this country; he has visited it in summer; he has found the climate detestable; and there is an end of the matter.

He will also find something to strengthen him in his fixed idea that the English have no turn for organization. There has been much in the management of the Exhibition which even Englishmen must allow shows that great plans are sometimes poorly executed here, and that there is confusion where order might be reasonably expected. If he saw the Exhibition during the month of May, he saw a scene of helpless disorder, of curiously bad taste, of general discomfort and disappointment. This is exactly what foreigners, and especially Frenchmen, have constantly said of English efforts. They own there is industry, effort, and a sort of rough success in the English; but there is an endless jarring of the finer sensibilities of Continentals, and a lamentable waste of the powers of the workers themselves. The Exhibition might well have jarred those delicate sensibilities with its look of a painted barn, and its trophies of wax candles. There was a waste of labour in the efforts of those who strove hard and honestly to block up all the approaches by which spectators could get near what was to be seen. But the intelligent foreigner will not fail to see, in this very instance of the Exhibition, what is the strong side of our organization, as well as what is the weak. He will recognise the vastness of what we attempt and what we achieve. The confusion in the management of the Exhibition arose not only because those of the managers who happened to rule were men little suited for the business, but also because the collection of things exhibited which comes when England asks for them is so enormous, and because when we announce that a thing is to be ready by a certain day, "our citizens are riled," as the Yankees say, if the day is not kept to. This dealing with very large undertakings, and a longing to do, somehow and at whatever cost, the thing that is settled by the day that is fixed, are the great characteristics of our way of managing social matters. The Exhibition, if held in a Continental city, would have been placed in a much more elegant building, the grouping would have been much more effective, the exact order and direction in which everything was to be seen would have been rigidly prescribed; but it would have been about half the size, and would have been opened, not on the day fixed, but on the day when it was ready. It is quite true that there are advantages in both ways of doing things. Let the foreigner who wants to be sure of this look at the English railways, and he will see precisely the same thing showing itself. Our trains are not always very comfortable. They oblige us to incur some amount of risk by the pace they go, and the little distance that intervenes between them. The passengers are obliged to help themselves, and to make their way unassisted through the bustle of a great station. It is much simpler to go by a French line, where the carriages are very tolerably good, where only one, or, at the most, two, decent through trains run in the twenty-four hours, and where travellers are carefully shut into a pen for half-an-hour as a preliminary means of tranquillizing them, and of getting everything they have out of their power and into official custody. The only thing is, that the English railway carries a traffic under which the French would sink hopelessly.

There are many things which the French here most unfeignedly

admire. In the first place, they find themselves treated, as a rule, with great kindness. There is a marked improvement in this respect since 1851. There was then a general reluctance to have much to do with foreigners, or, at least, a shyness about welcoming them. They are now received cordially. The dinners that have been offered them are as the sand on the sea-shore; and if, from an amiable wish to find a fictitious pleasure in what are supposed to be the amusements of the nation, they have gone freely to evening drearinesses, to soirées, and conversaziones, and drums and crushes, they must have found London as prolific in these entertainments as a herring is in its roe. They will speak of evening parties with the admiring wonder which naturalists feel when they discover that this roe is composed of millions of eggs. Then persons who have not happened to have any call to be polite to them have generally been civil. The foreigner has generally found that the English he has addressed are quite willing to direct him on his way, to guide him in places of public resort, to explain what he wishes to know, and even to espouse his cause if he has dared to quarrel with a cabman. The foreigner has one advantage in England which he has not anywhere else. Many more people speak French here than in any other country out of France and Belgium. In these days, speaking French is only a matter of money, and therefore the richest nation speaks it most. Englishmen speak it badly, with hesitation, and with an accent of their own, but still they speak it, and so the foreigner can mostly get on. We are glad to say also that the foreigners like both our cooking and our way of living when they see them under advantages. Frenchmen are not such fools as not to see that roast beef taken from a real fat ox is a great delicacy in its way, and quite unlike any delicacy they have seen in their own country. And a foreigner who stays at a good London hotel finds life made very easy to him. The bill may be rather heavy, but he gets comfort and attention for his money. Some of them, for example, were charmed at the kindness of one of the landlords of a Bond Street hotel. They had casually remarked they should like to see the Derby, and the next day they saw dash up to the door a noble carriage and four, expressly ordered to carry them to Epsom. It seemed so thoughtful of their host, so splendid, so like Monte Christo. Of course they had to pay in the long run, but it is a great thing to be able to pay an hotel bill with thankfulness and a sense of obligation.

They also are very much struck with the way in which London goes on without any one apparently to take care of it. That wandering Highlander who has strolled into the French lines, and represents the English army in the great French picture of the Battle of Alma, is a very apt representative of the English army in London. Where, asks the foreigner, are the soldiers? Who is to cut you down if you go the wrong side of a fountain or do any of the things that are *defendu*? The Frenchman enjoys the odd sensation of being at a school where there are no ushers, and yet where the boys behave very decently, and do not seem even to know that the ushers are absent. But there is a still odder and a pleasanter sensation for him to enjoy in London—there is the sensation produced by the British policeman. So far as we can discover, the policeman is the marvel in England which most captivates the fancy, and stirs the enthusiasm of the foreigner. He is more wonderful than a river with miles of shipping, or a city sixteen miles long, or a sovereign that is beloved, or a House of Parliament not on the eve of a revolution. Here is a policeman, a *sergent de ville*, *gendarme*, or whatever he would be called abroad, whose object is actually to protect, help, and encourage honest, respectable people—who is not paid to strut about bullying everybody, and clanking a sword, and exchanging gossip derived from spies—but who is engaged to be civil, to keep order, to direct the wandering, to assist all who have need of him. The attitude in which the policeman most fascinates the foreign mind is that of a controller of carriages. There comes a vast crowd of carriages, horses snorting, vehicle pushing before vehicle, each coachman risking his life, and what he values more, his panels, in order to hold his ground or beat a rival, and suddenly a plain man, dressed in unpretending blue, and carrying a little stick, steps into the road and waves his hand. Instantly the throng is brought into order. The horses are quiet, the carriages fall into a line, the coachmen are the meekest of men, and seem quite glad to be allowed to draw up in their turn to the spot they are seeking to arrive at. This is indeed a sight. The French police official of the novel and the anecdote is a wondrous being; he can see through a millstone, keeps dukes and duchesses in his pay as spies, and books daily all the secret thoughts of the most insignificant people; but then he and his operations are only read of. He may be a fact or a fiction. But the British policeman is seen—he is undeniable—he is a certainty. And the last and crowning stroke of the marvel is, that whereas the world trembles before the French official, and every tongue is hushed if his dreaded name is only whispered, no one cares a bit about the London policeman, but every one treats him as if he were, as he is, in about the rank of an under-gardener. Surely a foreigner is not very wrong in wondering at and respecting a nation which successfully hands over the security of a capital of three millions of inhabitants to the custody of a few under-gardeners in blue clothes.

CHAPERONES.

It is a happy characteristic of our generation that philanthropic persons are not satisfied with relieving the suffering that thrusts itself upon their notice, but are constantly hunting for

new kinds of misery to succour. So long as this benevolent spirit is abroad, we cannot doubt that, sooner or later, the patient afflictions of the chaperone will attract its notice. Why should not her emancipation be attempted, now that we have emancipated every other enlaved or oppressed race? Is she not a woman and a sister, or, at least, a female relative? Why is she to be the only slave in the Queen's dominions?

Many curious kinds of villenage or serfdom grew up under the feudal system, and many curious rights prevailed under them. There was the right of feeding your cows upon a peasant's vineyard, and there was the right of opening a peasant and putting your feet inside him to keep them warm when you came home from hunting, and there were other rights more irritating still, the mention of which is only suitable for an antiquarian's pages. But the only one of these rights that appears to have survived to the present day is the villenage of the chaperone. The persons to whom it is incident are mothers of marriageable daughters until the possibility implied in that adjective is converted into a fact. The suit and service required under it is very severe. It is commonly performed at the hour when the human race in general are in bed. Under it the villen chaperone is bound to follow her liege young lady, at any hour of the evening at which she may be summoned, to dinner, party, or ball (generally the latter), there to sit or stand, as circumstances may require, for any number of hours, until such time of the night or morning as it shall please the aforesaid liege young lady to go home. The atmosphere in which this service is to be performed approaches as nearly to that of the Black Hole of Calcutta as the difference of climate will permit. No fatigue is admitted as an excuse either for not obeying the summons to go out, or for desiring to get back home to bed. Unless the liege young lady happens to be of an unusually merciful disposition, physical infirmity confers no exemption upon the villen. The only alleviation allowed to her is the relaxation of exchanging scandalous stories with other unhappy females in the same condition as herself, who may be standing by her side on the staircase, or ranged together with her along the wall, in the common performance of their long and toilsome duty. If her strength should fail her in the trial, she must not look for mercy. One of the worst evils of slavery is the cruelty it begets in the master's heart. The young lady knows that her mother was created for no other purpose except to wait in corners or on staircases, while she dances and flirts into the small hours of the night; and she has no notion of setting a divine institution at naught from any misplaced feelings of compassion.

Whether this is exactly the old people's view of the institution of chaperonage, we will not undertake to say; but it certainly is the young people's, and that, after all, is the important matter. The theory, which in former ages prevailed, that mothers underwent all the fatigue of the office as a favour to their daughters, is now quite obsolete. The subject has been more fully studied, and the object for which mothers exist is much better understood in the present day than it used to be in days of less enlightenment. They are not ornamental, nor, as a general rule, useful. It is obvious at first sight that they are not allowed to exist because they are pretty to look at. Nor do they exist for the sake of bringing up their daughters. Such a theory would be much too humiliating for the daughter to endure, and is certainly much too troublesome to be needlessly pressed on her by the mother. No doubt, the use of mothers must be a profound mystery to young ladies while they are still in the hands of masters and governesses. But directly they come out of the schoolroom the mystery is solved. They recognise the wonderful adaptation by which a use is found for all created things, even the most useless; and they see at once that the final cause of mothers is to take young ladies out. For their part, they lose no opportunity of giving a full effect to this providential arrangement. The mothers submit meekly and do as they are told. They belonged to a generation when girls were admired for being languishing and helpless, and were trained accordingly; and they are, consequently, wholly incompetent to contend with the robust and athletic natures which the healthier taste of our age has developed in the existing race of young ladies. So they go unresistingly whenever the summons is issued; and if they are fortunate enough to get inside, are packed in tightly-fitted rows against the wall. There they contrive to exist in a semi-torpid condition, staring sleepily at the undulating mass before them, half stifled by the atmosphere and each other's crinolines, until their daughters are satiated with the pleasures of that almost stationary embrace which in England is called a *valse*. Then, when their ordeal is over, they wearily rumble home by the morning's light, trying to remember where the next night's torture is to be passed. The wan complexion and pendulous cheeks which, about this time of the year, a well-employed chaperone begins to exhibit, would melt any but the stony heart of a fashionable daughter. The only consolation to them is the hope they constantly cherish that some day or other, in consequence of these exertions, they may transfer the duty of attending upon their pleasure-loving daughters to some deluded partner, and then their nocturnal servitude may be at an end. Of course, this release sometimes does take place; but not so often as might be wished. There are few cases more pitiable than that of the veteran but unemancipated chaperone, whose daughters cannot get married. Season after season they have to congratulate fellow-labourers who have escaped, while they remain in bondage; and night after night they have to follow the half-old-maid daughters, crosser and more desperate every year, to the scene of their fruitless labours. These are the cases we should recommend the most earnestly to the considera-

tion of philanthropists. The emancipation of worn-out chaperones is surely an aim worthy of a section in the Social Science Association. There are many charities for the relief of far less deserving objects. Of course, the machinery must differ slightly from the recognised machinery of such bodies. Instead of a Secretary and a Committee, and a Solicitor and a Banker, it would be necessary to have a corps of eligible and devoted young men. For it is obvious that the only mode in which the distressed chaperones in question could be emancipated would be by marrying off their unmarried daughters; and this would certainly entail some self-sacrifice upon the devoted young men. But surely it would not be more than the suffering to be relieved might fairly demand. We commend the whole subject to the consideration of Lord Raynham and his friends, feeling sure that they will do their little possible in the matter. Lord Raynham proposed that in the case of cab-horses, inspectors should be appointed to see that they were not over-driven, and that they were properly taken care of in the stables; and that in cases where the ill-treatment had been so severe that the cab-horse was broken down, the magistrate should have the power of ordering it to be destroyed. We think chaperones have a right to the same status as over-driven cab-horses; and we trust that Lord Raynham will insert clauses to that effect in his next Bill for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals.

But if the chivalry of the young men of England is not equal to the one scheme for liberating the chaperone, and Lord Raynham fails in accomplishing the other, surely something might be done to alleviate her sufferings. We can quite sympathize with the reluctance of the ball-going world to abandon this time-honoured institution. It is true that she is of no use. She can only, in reality, watch over her young charge's proceedings in the carriage on their way to and from the entertainment—at which time that amiable young person rarely misconducts herself in the way of flirting, for want of the male assistance necessary for that process. In the crowded ball-room itself, the chaperone is, for all practical purposes of supervision, both blind and deaf. As she sits in the chaperones' row, an impenetrable veil of floating tarlatan prevents her from seeing tender glances, and a very industrious band of music equally precludes her from hearing any of those soft nothings that distil so sweetly through curled mustachios. But, though she is useless as a fact, she is splendid as a fiction. She gives the shadow of respectability, and, where the reality is slipping away from us so very fast, it would be improvident to let the appearance go at the same time. But, though we would never dream of abolishing the chaperone, surely there might be some economy of the labour employed, and therefore of the suffering inflicted. To sit against a wall staring at the backs of a crowd, is an occupation which, no doubt, brings a great deal of moral heroism into play, but which does not require a great many hands, or rather eyes, to perform it. As a mere symbol or emblem of respectability, one old lady could fulfil the duty as well as a hundred. She might be told off for the service by an arrangement among the young ladies themselves; or a poor widow might be found to take the office for a consideration. An advantage of this plan would be that a little gallery might be provided for her in which she should sit, far above the heads of the crowd; and in that elevated position she would not only be a much more striking and conspicuous symbol of the respectability of the entertainment; but for the purpose of watching the proceedings she would be much more efficient than any number of wearied mothers along the wall below. She would not be engrossed by the occupation of struggling for breathing space, but would have full leisure for noting the manoeuvres of the charming couples in the centre of the room. It would only be a revival of the plan by which abbesses of old used to chaperone their nuns. It does not differ very much from the mode in which constituencies keep watch over the frail beings whom they send to bear a part in the mazy dance of Parliament. The tendency towards unauthorized flirtations, and the danger of objectionable alliances, is greater there than in any ball-room; but, on the whole, the chaperones who sit in the reporters' gallery contrive to maintain to a very considerable extent the respectability of their charges. Fortified by such precedents, we cannot but hope that we may live to see the adoption of a reform by which such a vast amount of anile misery will be saved.

MONUMENTS.

MANY of our readers must be familiar with those gatherings which take place yearly in some parts of England, in which to what is primarily a cattle show is tacked on a little of everything else—commerce, manufactures, and the fine arts. It is, we suppose, under the last head that we ought to reckon the craft a professor of which, at a recent meeting of this kind, thrust an advertisement into everybody's hands, in which he was announced as "Monumental Artist, Practical Engraver of Monumental Brasses, and general workman in every variety of marble and stone." This monumental artist goes on to describe his qualifications in a passage which is really a first-rate specimen of the art of advertising. He

invites special attention to his Varied Designs, either original, or the result of Personal Study in some of the most celebrated Cemeteries both of the Eastern and Western Continents, for all kinds of Sepulchral Erections, from the simplest Gravestone to the most costly Tomb. The fact of his products extending from the Metropolitan Necropolis to a large number of Cemeteries and Churchyards in the Midland and Western Counties of England, testifies to that Moderation in Charge which the facilities of Railway Transit now secure for his most distant Patrons.

It is rather an anti-climax after this to find that our Monumental Artist also keeps a stock of chimney-pieces, "to which he has added a supply of register-grates, which he can also offer at extremely low prices." It is, perhaps, this lower walk of art to which he thus condescends which leads him still to speak of his customers by the old-fashioned name of Patrons, while artists in general have taken, by what connexion of ideas we cannot guess, to speak of those who employ them by the quite opposite title of Clients. Altogether, we suppose this is a fair specimen of the condition to which a really very high branch of the art of sculpture has now fallen. It can hardly fall lower when it becomes the stock-in-trade of an advertising tradesman who promises you that his "products" will show the results of "personal study in the most celebrated cemeteries of the eastern and western continents."

The revival of mediæval art has had less effect upon sculpture, even upon monumental sculpture, than upon almost any other branch of art. In ecclesiastical architecture its triumph seems assured. In civil architecture its triumph has perhaps only been delayed by its ecclesiastical success. That very success has led people—even some who know more about it than Lord Palmerston—to fancy that mediæval art is purely ecclesiastical art. But as to monuments, the revival stands now pretty much where it stood five-and-twenty years ago with regard to churches. People are only just now beginning to recognise mediæval monuments as the legitimate objects of imitation in the first place, and the legitimate sources for fresh ideas and developments in a later stage. There is nothing very wonderful in this. There is no doubt that Gothic architecture, though it admits the most lavish use of sculpture, yet has hitherto allowed to sculpture only a comparatively narrow range. Figures of any size can only be introduced in two or three constrained and conventional postures. Groups, scenes, historical pieces can only be introduced on a small scale, in subordinate positions, where the sculpture is merely one form of possible decoration among several. A Gothic building, whether ecclesiastical or civil, cannot have, as a Greek temple might, a work of sculpture as its central and commanding object. White marble, again, the favourite material of sculptors, for some cause or other, never thoroughly harmonizes with the mediæval styles. In short, the sculpture in a mediæval building may be as beautiful in point of execution as the best sculptor can make it, but the sculptor has hitherto been content to work in the wake of the architect, and to adapt his own art to such uses and such positions as the architect might allow him.

Whether any future development of art will ever reconcile Gothic architecture and that freer use of sculpture which is more appropriate in other styles, we do not profess to know. But that no such reconciliation has yet been found is the great cause why the mediæval monument has not made the same way either with artists or with the public as the mediæval church, or even the mediæval house. Mediæval art has hitherto been understood equally to exclude the trumpery devices of the common stonemason and works of real art which are nevertheless felt to be inconsistent with both the style and the purpose of the buildings in which they are found. Granted that we can get rid of Fame and Britannia, and Neptune and Minerva, and the rest of them, still sculptors will hardly consent to be confined to the invariable types of the standing figure in the niche and the recumbent figure on the altar-tomb. The truth seems to be that we have for two or three centuries confounded the two quite distinct ideas of a monument and a memorial. The mediæval monuments are simply monuments—they mark the place of a man's grave by some real or conventional representation of him. Being placed in churches, they represent the deceased person in one of two or three recognised attitudes of devotion. If his family or his exploits are to be in any way commemorated, it can only be by sculptures on a small scale, quite subordinate to the main figure. The works thus produced may be exquisitely beautiful in execution; they may be thoroughly in harmony with both the style and the purpose of the buildings in which they are placed; but the remark at once suggests itself that to forbid the production of anything else but these two or three types is to confine monumental art within a very narrow range. The true answer is, that the range is quite wide enough for strictly monumental art—for art whose object is simply to mark out and adorn the grave of a dead person—but that the mistake lies in confounding merely monumental art with memorial art in general. The monuments of the last two centuries—those in Westminster Abbey especially—are not really monuments at all. They have nothing to do with a man's grave—in many cases the man's real grave is somewhere else. They are simply masses of statuary, good or bad, commemorating the man and his exploits, but having nothing strictly monumental about them. They are in no way specially appropriate to his grave, even when his grave is there. Good and bad alike, their character does not harmonize with the inside of St. Peter's Church, and there is often much about them very inappropriate for the inside of any church. What is wanted is not to forbid or discourage general memorial sculpture, but only to insist that all sculpture admitted within a church or churchyard shall be simply monumental. In the open air, in public squares and the like, the sculptor may have it all his own way, subject to no laws but those of his own good taste. Inside secular buildings he will have a field not quite so unrestrained, but still far wider than he can get inside a church. The sculptor and the architect should indeed go hand-in-hand; still there is no sort of need for the sculptor to confine himself to a few conventional types, while, in a building erected specially for the reception of

sculpture, it is for the architect to adapt his building to the sculpture rather than for the sculptor to adapt his sculpture to the architecture. Here is a problem which we have no doubt that the flexibility of Gothic art in the hands of a great master will prove itself quite equal to solve. If solved, it will at once deliver us from the necessity of either confining memorial sculpture to a very narrow range, or of encumbering our churches with erections which, though often admirable in themselves, are mere incongruous disfigurements where they stand.

Some little improvement has taken place of late years in the larger and more costly class of monuments. Tombs have been lately introduced into several cathedrals and other churches which are content to be simply monumental, and which reproduce more or less of the spirit of the old style of monument. Yet some most barbarous things have been done even of late years in the way of sculpture, no parallel to which could possibly have been ventured upon in the way of architecture. We feel sure that at no time for the last thirty years or more would the Chapters of Lichfield, Wells, or Exeter have allowed any part of those cathedrals to be rebuilt in the Grecian, Italian, Chinese, or Egyptian style. Yet it is not so many years since a deceased Chairman of Quarter Sessions, whom death, as the inscription says, "suddenly cut short in his career of usefulness," was commemorated in Wells Cathedral by an image representing him in the very act of slipping off his official chair. To be sure, it is a work of Chantrey, but what could Chantrey, or Phidias himself, turn out, if required to represent on the scale of life a respectable gentleman slipping off an arm-chair? Still more recently, a strange Egyptian device has found its way into Lichfield Minster, to commemorate the services of a local regiment, the bodies of whose slain worthies can hardly have all found their way to Lichfield. The like has happened at Exeter, where two large and life-like figures of mounted warriors have a somewhat incongruous effect among the solemn pillars and arches of the cathedral. By all means let our brave soldiers be commemorated, but why Englishmen should be commemorated anywhere in the Egyptian style—why they should be commemorated in any style in a church where they are not buried—is really a sore puzzle. For monumental sculpture, their burying-places alone are appropriate. For merely memorial sculpture, the market-place or the town hall of Lichfield or Exeter is far more appropriate, and would allow the sculptor a far freer field for his art, than the inside of the minster.

In the smaller class of tombs more improvement has taken place than in the larger. Whatever may be the case in the "Metropolitan Necropolis," certain it is that a great improvement is working among that class of tombs over which the country clergy have any influence. Crosses, coped coffins, and such-like more appropriate and often really beautiful forms, are beginning to displace the hideous tombstones of the last generation with their deaths' heads and their podgy cherubim. The strange inscriptions of a past day would not now be tolerated in many places. Of these last we cannot help giving two specimens, which we do not remember to have seen in any of the lists of such things with which several writers have amused us. The following is in St. Giles' churchyard, Northampton:—

Here lies a most dutiful daughter, honest and just,
Awaiting the resurrection in hopes to be one of the first.

The other, in a churchyard in Staffordshire, can hardly be surpassed in terse and simple pathos:—

This turf has drunk a widow's tear;
Three of her husbands slumber here.

It may be interesting to state that the tearful widow was still living with a fourth partner.

The Gothic revival has, however, brought in one kind of monument which cannot be too strictly eschewed. This is the old mural tablet stuck into a Gothic niche. You get the dull piece of marble, with the dull list of virtues and offices, made yet more pert and offensive by being crowned with tabernacle work, and fenced in by shafts or buttresses on each side. The niche is a thing designed to hold an upright statue, and it is made of the shape fitting for a statue. It has a most grotesque effect when it is converted into a receptacle for a mere slab. Mural arcades may perhaps be adapted to inscriptions; but what we mean is the niche and tablet stuck in anywhere, just as the old tablet without the niche used to be. There is one in Dursley Church, in Gloucestershire, which we have always regretted that we never measured, to know exactly how many feet and inches of virtues, and how many feet and inches of dignities, fell to the lot of the gentleman commemorated. This sort of thing is a transition state, perhaps necessary to be passed through, but which is really uglier and more foolish than the most grotesque things stuck about against the walls and pillars of the Abbeys of Westminster and Bath.

THE GREAT DOG SHOW.

IT is not often that Islington offers any attraction that can compete with the West-end. The number of carriages that were in the habit of turning-up at the Belvidere on Pentonville Hill was, until the present week, very limited, and indeed it may be questioned whether any coachman of refinement knew where the Belvidere was. It might have been a hazardous experiment to desire to be driven to this uncourtly suburb, but that the presence in it of some hundred dogs of the highest breeding furnished a sufficient guarantee that both master and servant might appear there without any compromise of dignity. Under the cir-

cumstances of the present week, we venture to assume that Islington will not be thought vulgar even in the servants' hall; and we take the liberty of suggesting, for the consideration of the drawing-room, that if there be any young lady who, having been crossed in love, is disposed to try the remedy for melancholy proposed in a popular novel in the words:—"Hav a dog, Miss!—they're better friends nor any Christian," she will do well to go to Islington and bestow her heart upon some deserving and grateful quadruped.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever.

But a dog is fond and faithful to the end. It is, however, necessary to observe that any young lady with a place vacant in her heart will have to be prompt if she means to fill it, for the Great Dog Show closes to-day. There is still time, however, to act upon the advice which we are about to give—viz., to go as early as practicable to Islington and to spend the day there. It is not often that those who attempt to guide the public in the pursuit of pleasure and instruction are able to call attention to an exhibition which has no faults. Indeed, we have lately had to write about an exhibition which has a good many faults. But as we migrate from Brompton to Islington we change both place and nature, and are transformed from censors into enthusiasts. The building, which when completed will form the new Agricultural Hall, is, in its unfinished state, exactly suited to the present purpose. Being in the centre roofless, the air circulates with a freedom which certainly tends to make canine society more agreeable. And there is plenty of space as well as air. In this exhibition there is no crowding. Every object in it deserves to be seen, and can be seen. Although all visitors will not agree in admiring equally the same specimens, yet among the infinitely various gifts and graces of the canine race there must be something which will attract everybody. Be it size or littleness, strength or speed, sagacity, docility, or pugnacity—all are to be found here. This is the one spectacle at which disappointment is impossible; and those who fail to see it will have missed one of the finest sights of the year. There is no rank, nor age, nor sex, that would not be charmed here. And the arrangements of the show are irreproachable, except, perhaps, that some of the largest dogs are chained rather too near to certain arched passages. It might happen that the canine visage might at one of these points appear in sudden and startling proximity to the human. Any gentleman or lady who supposed that his or her nose was going to be bitten off, would doubtless make a great mistake; but still the supposition, if entertained, would be discomposing.

Those who had the advantage of visiting this exhibition early on the first day found the animals which they inspected generally of friendly manners, and disposed for and even desirous of conversation. Perhaps, under the pressure of the attentions of a crowd, they may have become more reserved and ceremonious, and there is, no doubt, a point beyond which even canine good-nature will not bear poking up. Of course, the same people who at Brompton would deface a picture with their walking-sticks, would at Islington employ the same weapon to disturb a dog. If this were done, the consequences might be disagreeable; but, in general, dogs who are well treated will behave well, and the majority of them form new acquaintances with a facility which their masters are very far from imitating. They show, however, a variety of dispositions. The calm and powerful mastiff dozes tranquilly, wanting no society, although not unwilling to receive it; while the nervous, tremulous pointer seems to welcome every approaching footstep as a momentary diversion from his own restless thoughts. The class of mastiffs is the first that meets the eye on entering, and it is, perhaps, more universally interesting than the ordinary classes of sporting dogs, while the features which it displays cannot fail to impress every spectator's mind. The sight of a dozen or fifteen mastiffs of the largest size, with light-coloured bodies and dark muzzles, all chained in a row, gives at once a favourable idea of the canine marvels which this show contains. Perhaps even a greater interest attaches to that much rarer animal the bloodhound, of which a very fine specimen may be seen in the veteran dog "Druid." These two classes of mastiffs and bloodhounds are widely separated in the catalogue, inasmuch as the latter are treated as sporting-dogs while the former are not. But on looking at the specimens we cannot help remarking that some of the mastiffs have a good deal of the bloodhound's look, and *vice versa*. It is, perhaps, a little startling to find the bloodhound classed as a sporting-dog, inasmuch as the best known sport to which he has been considered applicable was that of hunting marauding Scotchmen over the Border, as he is still employed in the American Slave States, in the capture of fugitive negroes. It may perhaps be assumed that the time which has elapsed since these dogs ceased to be employed in tracking freebooters is not long enough to have allowed the breed in this country to become deteriorated; and if this be so, visitors to the Dog Show may consider that they behold the very same sort of animal which ran Wallace so closely that he was driven to slay an Irish follower in order that the blood might throw the dog off his scent. This species of hound does not look as if he could sustain any very high rate of speed, and perhaps it was not necessary that he should, the game being usually an armed and plunder-laden Scotchman, and the hunters Englishmen, also armed, and probably selected for other qualities than that of riding under a certain weight. There is another dog, to whom, as the biggest in all England, it is proper to invite particular attention, who also looks as if he could not employ very great speed in the work which his

denomination ascribes to him. This is the bear-hound "Sam," who bears the last number in the catalogue, and who certainly has some claim to hold the foremost place in the exhibition. It does not appear very probable that such a large and heavy dog would ever run into a wild boar; but still this is the sort of dog that is represented in pictures of the chase. Sam is black and white in colour. He stands thirty-three inches high to the top of the shoulder, and measures forty-one inches round the body in its thickest part. These dimensions he politely permitted to be taken. It is stated that about two years ago a dog standing thirty-seven inches was exhibited to the Queen by an American. But at this moment Sam enjoys the distinction of being the largest dog that this country can show, and a truly magnificent spectacle he presents. The admiration which he commands is universal: whereas the most curious or valuable specimens of the usual varieties of sporting dogs require special knowledge or taste in order to appreciate them as they deserve. Perhaps, however, the dogs of the Mount St. Bernard breed enjoy almost as large a popularity as Sam. These are very noble-looking animals, having a character which may encourage strangers to approach them without hesitation. They suggest the remark that there is nothing very peculiar in the breed, and that any powerful, sagacious, and good-tempered dog might probably be trained to do their work. Another animal, totally different in make, aspect, faculties, and duties, is the English bull-dog, which of course is profusely represented in this show. There are, we believe, English men and women so benighted as to consider this admirable creature vulgar; but even if his own compatriots despise him, the "bouledogue" is certain to receive the respectful attention of all French visitors. It must be owned that his looks are not calculated to encourage familiarity, and it is certain that when he does take hold he is not in a hurry to let go. No doubt if his master bade him, he would pin you by the leg and stick there until you had cut him into little pieces, but it would be a mistake to suppose that he would be angry with you. With the bull-dog, fighting is the work which he came into the world to do, and he does it as well as ever he can, but without noise, passion, or ostentation. If he meets a strange dog of several times his own size, he goes in at him quietly and effectively, without fury or loud defiance, and if he gets the worst of it he does not complain. Indeed, if his master is not at hand to call him off, he probably fights until the big jaws into which he has thrust himself have quite chawed him up; but still no howl of suffering is uttered by him. To his master and his master's friends he is as docile and submissive as the least courageous spaniel. The proverb about Brag and Holdfast must certainly have been invented by some judicious admirer of the bull-dog, whose disposition is as much opposed to boasting as to letting go. Still, with all these noble qualities, the bull-dog's sphere of popularity is limited; and, indeed, he shares in the prejudice which exists in certain quarters against a class of men whose company he frequents, and whom in appearance and character he resembles—we mean, of course, prize-fighters. It is impossible to look at the best bull-dogs in the exhibition without thinking that their faces would do very well for those of pugilists. In particular, the short flattened nose is an arrangement of nature highly convenient to those whose principal employment of that organ is in receiving blows upon it. The hanging lip which just shows the bull-dog's teeth, and his broad strong shoulders projecting laterally far beyond his feet, are features which suggest very forcibly the idea of combativeness, although they do not otherwise resemble the points of his human parallel.

But if the bull-dog's claims to public patronage are at all questionable, it is easy to mention several other classes of animals in this exhibition, each of which alone would well repay a journey into the unknown land of Islington for their inspection. There is, for instance, the Duke of Beaufort's pack of foxhounds, ten couple of each sex, and perfect beauties all of them. One may question whether a bloodhound or a boarhound might not as well be called something else, because neither moss troopers nor wild boars now infest England, and therefore the suitability of these dogs for their traditional duty cannot be brought to any practical test. But the foxhounds exhibited at this show are the most perfect result attained by unremitting study and unlimited expenditure devoted, for a very long period, to the production of the sort of dog best adapted for a sport which is pursued with ceaseless ardour. The most thorough Cockney who visits this show may gaze for a long time at the Duke of Beaufort's foxhounds, and still discern new beauties in them. Then, again, there are the pointers, heavy and light; the setters; and the retrievers—three large and well-known classes, among which one might well spend a day. And there are those splendid animals, the deerhounds, with their fine and powerful shapes and beautiful long grey hair. These are the ministers of a sport which has almost become traditional in England, but to which history, poetry, and romance combine to give an undying interest. And then there are the greyhounds, the terriers, and the spaniels, of which the highest types are those which do the sportsman's every day work the best. And, lastly, there are the toy and fancy dogs, some of them so small as almost to need a microscope to discern them, and in such number and variety of beauty that surely no lady who needs an elegant pet upon which to expend her fondness can come away unsatisfied. It is much to be lamented that this, the one exhibition with which nobody can find fault, should be bound to close on its fifth public day, but it is to be feared that there is no alternative. However much we, as public instructors, may desire that the elevating and civilizing influence of this Show of Dogs should operate upon

the human character for a longer period, we must consider, on the other hand, the feelings of the dogs shut up from air and exercise, and stared at, talked to, and perhaps stirred up with cotton umbrellas from 8 A.M. to 11 P.M. daily. And then there are the feelings of the dogs' masters and mistresses, who are deprived of the company and anxious for the comfort, health, and safety of their favourites during all these long and weary days. And, lastly, there are the feelings of the professional dog-stealers, compelled, as they must be, by an irresistible fascination to come and look at an immense number of animals of the highest value which there is no immediate probability of their "finding" in any sequestered spot. All things considered, we suppose we must acquiesce in the expediency of the decision that the duration of this most beautiful and interesting show should not be prolonged.

THE BOARD OF WORKS.

PERHAPS it is a good thing that all nature—the world moral and material—is full of surprises, and that the average of unexpected things [is pretty equally distributed between the most certain calculations balked and the most improbable things happening. So universal is this law that some old writer has thought that it will outlast mankind itself, and has quaintly said that there will be two great wonders in the other world—so many people in heaven whom nobody expected to meet, and so many not there whom everybody made sure of finding. An illustration of this occurs in the general action of the Board of Works. Antecedently, one would think that this was a department of State where it would be almost impossible to go wrong. A blunder in laying out a straight street, or in building a plain wall, is almost an inspiration direct from the goddess of dulness. Of course, when it comes to building a palace, or to settling the style of a vast range of public offices, differences of opinion may arise, though a Palmerston may even take rank among the exceptional phenomena in taste. But in going wrong where it positively requires genius to make blunders, the Board of Works may be safely reckoned upon. It would be a curious inquiry why, in this especial department of State, to err is the rule, but it is one which we cannot pursue. The investigation of this fault, and break, and anomaly in the system of routine would have suited the genius of the late Mr. Buckle. The cause, however, is hidden, though the fact is notorious. In other public offices, hit or miss may be the rule; the chances of success or failure are tolerably equal; a good or bad administration alternates with tolerable equality; and official efficiency and official incapacity are balanced in a fair proportion. It is only in the Board of Works that you are certain of your perennial Pennefather. There was, a few years ago, a certain flea said to infest the Reading Room of the British Museum. It was an official sort of flea—larger, more active, more procreant, more irritating, more persistent, and more indestructible than those to be found in any other resort of civilized men. This entomological curiosity seems to repeat itself in the Board of Works. There is a special and peculiar variety of *Pulex irritans* indigenous in Whitehall. You may always reckon upon its presence, and upon the usual results. We are not going into any old story—into the Public Offices, or the constitution of the Metropolitan Board over which Mr. Thwaites presides, or the road through Hyde Park, or the employment of Captain Fowke, or the wonderful scheme of relieving the crowded Strand by building half a street through the Duke of Bedford's property in Covent Garden. Ancient jobs and ancient blunders may well be left to taint the past with their unpleasant reminiscences. They are a matter of history, which may well be left to monumental corruption. We can only chronicle the last, and certainly not the least, successes of the Board of Works.

There is the Thames Embankment. Here is a work about which it is mere pedantry to cite the authority of Wren, or to recall the abortive attempts of Colonel Trench. Everybody knows that the Thames ought to be embanked; and everybody knows that all great cities upon great rivers are quayed. It is as superfluous to discuss this matter as to say that a garden must have a wall, or that a house is hardly a house without a front door. And the thing being so elementary, so is the manner of it. A hedge is not a hedge if there is a gap in it; a wall is no wall if there is a breach in it; a bridge is scarcely a bridge if one arch is omitted. And so embanking the Thames at London is embanking the Thames in London. It means running an esplanade, or causeway, or artificial bank all along the stream of the river, and through the whole unbroken length of London, on ground recovered from the bed of the Thames. The thing is simplicity itself. It would be as impossible to make mistakes about what embanking the Thames means, as to get up a controversy about modes of doing a sum in simple addition. But Mr. Cowper and his office have been equal to themselves, to their ancient traditions, and to the occasion. When it all comes out, it seems that embanking the Thames is not embanking the Thames. Here is a culminating instance of that law of surprises which we have glanced at. The beauty of a first-rate hoax and surprise consists in its taking place in the most commonplace and ordinary subject-matter. To frighten a friend into fits merely by bidding him good morning is a great instance of a first-rate surprise. So is Mr. Cowper's superlative blunder about the Thames Embankment. First, it turns out that it is no embankment at all; and next, that it is an embankment which is not to relieve the traffic, and not to be used for carriages. It is an admirable bucket, only it does not hold water—a first-rate roof, only there is a large hole in it. The embankment of London is,

after all, in theory, only from Blackfriars to Westminster, and even this is only half of London; and in fact, one-third of the whole theoretical work, viz. from Scotland Yard to Westminster, is not to be used. The great idea of quaying the Thames comes down with a run—the vision of centuries fades like Aladdin's palace. The City authorities and wharfingers resolutely resisted the continuation of the embankment where it was most wanted, from London Bridge to Blackfriars; and now a combination of Dukes, First Commissioners, and Parliamentary Committees, have decided that the embankment thus mutilated and shorn eastward should also be mutilated and shorn westward. Having lost its head, the legs must also be chopped off. All that we have got is a miserable torso. The Thames Embankment is a downright imposition. To speak after the manner of the Irish, it is no embankment, and what there is of an embankment is but half an embankment after all. What with the City gas-works at Whitefriars, and what with the City authorities themselves in their entrenched camp of obstruction further east, the embankment of the Thames is a snare and delusion. *Magni est nominis umbra.* And the old job about the lease of Montagu House, for the credit of which Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli prefer equal claims, is fatal to the integrity and usefulness of what little is left of the scheme; and between the suppression of public spirit consistently maintained by the corporation of the City of London and the private greed of a noble Duke, the public suffers, and the Board of Works constitutes itself an accomplice both before and after the fact. Mr. Pennethorne, of course, is put forward with a compromise, which is no compromise, but a surrender of the whole principle. He proposes to complete the embankment up to Westminster, but it is only to be used for foot passengers. Bridge Street and Parliament Street are to continue to be blocked up daily, only in order that the Duke of Buccleuch and the Duke of Richmond's lessees may enjoy their privacy with no cabs or omnibuses, carts or wains, to intrude between their nobility and the river. Their Graces stop the way. It is nothing, of course, to mention that the whole of the Strand between the Temple and Westminster was once fringed with sumptuous mansions of the nobility, with their grounds extending to the water's edge, and that all these great personages—including even the Duke of Northumberland—have consented, because it suited their rentals, to exchange privacy for wharves. What has been is not to be. The line between the public benefit and private luxury must be drawn somewhere. Whitehall Gardens and Montagu House are not to be intruded upon. Jobbery must have its tribute; and the greatest improvement of London, the expectation of centuries, must be disappointed because we have a Board of Works.

So about the Chapter House at Westminster. If there is one thing which we have more pleasure in pointing out to the intelligent foreigner than another among our signs of progress, it is the reverent care with which our old ecclesiastical monuments have been restored within the last thirty years. Probably more than one-half of the ancient parish churches have been restored within man's memory. The movement is universal. There is not a cathedral in England which does not attest not only private munificence but the presence of a law of restoration, and, as they say, rehabilitation. The State has not much to do with such structures. The Crown holds in actual possession but few of our great mediæval monuments; but to the Crown belongs the discreditable supremacy of treating them with the most flagrant neglect. Till lately, the Chapel in the Tower was a national disgrace. At present the Chapter House at Westminster is the most scandalous instance of abuse extant, not only in London, but perhaps in Europe. At length this evil has cried to the public for redress. There is a demand abroad, indorsed by all the art and art-loving men in England, to bring this noble, and in its way unique, structure to a decent state. So modest have been the demands of public feeling that the Government was asked only to do nothing with it. If they would not restore it at the public expense, the money would not be lacking to restore it by private subscriptions. If they would not do one nor permit the other, the humble petition of the country was that the Government would at least leave it alone. An accident had left it empty and swept; and if garnishing was too great a boon, all that we demanded was that the sevenfold devil of dirt and rubbish should not again be introduced by officials. Even this small favour is denied. Mr. Cowper—acting, of course, under the pressure of a dead weight of useless lumber, and a dead weight of official obstruction—is understood to have announced that some few old Records and certain specifications of the Patent Office and correspondence belonging to the Admiralty are again to fill the presses and shelves of the Chapter House. It is only a temporary arrangement—it is only till a new office can be built for these precious muniments of abortive folly and commercial speculation and official palaver. As to the documents themselves, no human being pretends that they are of the least value. Who on earth cares what, fifty years ago, some wild-eyed enthusiast dreamed of when he got a patent for a machine embodying the perpetual motion, or for the terms in which John Smith described his great invention for tying garters without a knot? What is the use of keeping the Admiralty correspondence about the great case of Billy Bowline getting drunk over his grog on the 16th of June, 1804? And yet these are the Records and the important Public Papers which are to be again treasured in the Chapter House of Westminster. Besides the wrong done to this noble building—besides tearing open a wound which everybody thought would be healed—besides the insult

offered to the taste of the country, there is another quarter in which complaint is most justifiable. If these Specifications and Letters are to be preserved in a special structure suitable to their value, why are Captain Fowke and Mr. Pennethorne passed by? Here, at any rate, is an occasion suitable to their peculiar genius. We think these great artists quite equal to rear a structure admirably suited to the conservation of Admiralty correspondence and Patent specifications. The style of the Boilers, and of the palace of Fetter-lane, would not be out of place here. When there is a chance of using the right man for the right purpose, we are sure to miss it. And as everything precious and valuable is destined for South Kensington, we do say here is an opportunity not to be lost for adding to its miscellaneous treasures. The architect of the Brompton sheds has most reason to complain of Mr. Cowper's neglect of a favourable opportunity for displaying his real powers.

We cannot conclude without congratulating Mr. Cowper on at least one success. When lately interrogated in Parliament about the state of Trafalgar Square in general, and the fountains in particular, he bid us to wait. We should see what we should see—he was about to astonish us. This promise he has certainly redeemed. The fountains, as improved, are an astonishment. Again to recur to the law of surprises, here is another illustration. It would have seemed impossible to make the fountains worse than ever; but Mr. Cowper has done even this. There was one wretched jet before—there are now some fifty score little squirts added. Generally they refuse to squirt at all; but when they do act, the little tiny threads of very dirty water which they eject are not so large as those of a domestic syringe. Some of us have seen Versailles—all of us have seen the noble series of fountains at Sydenham. It is possible, even in England, to construct handsome fountains—possible to private enterprise, but impossible to public and official taste. The old fountains exhibited at least unambitious poverty, and retiring humble meanness. These are poverty aping magnificence. A poor man in a seedy coat is not contemptible; but what can we say of a beggar in the cast-off uniform of a field marshal, tattered, dirty and pretentious? This is what the fountains, as improved by the Board of Works, suggest. And, as we said, Mr. Cowper, having undertaken to astonish the world, has succeeded; and his success is well timed, as it is certain to astonish, not only the natives, but our foreign friends.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S AND THE INSTABILITY OF GREATNESS.

IN these Exhibition times, it is the duty, and ought to be the pleasure, of the Londoner to give every assistance in his power to those whom Captain Fowke and the Royal Commissioners have induced to take up their residence for a while among us. There are several ways in which this may be done. The *Times* the other day suggested that we should all keep a sharp look-out for cabmen who have caught hold of strangers and seem disposed to take them in. This, of course, any one can do. It will, to be sure, now and then bring down a volley of vehicular Doric on your head from some indignant driver who feels that he has been done out of four and sixpence of fair plunder by your interference; but then you can console yourself by adapting the old proverb to the circumstances, for surely, in such a case, "Handsome is that Hansom does." With another suggestion of the *Times* it is not always so easy to comply. It is not such a very simple matter sometimes, even with the very best intentions, to give a bewildered foreigner instructions for a short cut that will not send him further astray. With the best polyglott phrase-book, and the utmost care in the use of "droite" and "gauche," "links" and "rechts," it is hard, on the spur of the moment and in the Clapham Road, to sketch out the most direct route to some undefined Arabella Terrace, even after "Bez-ouatère" has been found to mean Bayswater, or the Edgware Road has been recognised in "Aid-je-ouerrotte."

But a great deal may be done for the foreign mind without attempting any such severe mental and linguistic feat as this. There are plenty of opportunities always occurring for giving useful hints, correcting mistakes, removing false impressions. To take a case which, no doubt, is of daily recurrence—you are going by omnibus to the Exhibition. You get in at Charing Cross, and find yourself one of an International "thirteen inside." Next to you, perhaps, sits a Frenchman, and, as you pass Trafalgar Square, it is by no means improbable that he, in the unhesitating way of his country, will begin to "mock himself" of that asylum of maltreated greatness, as beyond a doubt he has a perfect right to do. An Englishman in Paris is not a parallel case. In him of course it would be an instance of decidedly bad taste. Here you have a noble opportunity of enlightening your foreign friend as to our mode of doing honour to the dead, and the way in which we regard the effigies which adorn the finest site in Europe. You need not, of course, go the same length as that acute, but vulgar little boy who said "dam ugly." But you can easily explain to him that we do not ourselves think much of the statues which so excite his derision; that we are not in the least proud of them; that we do indeed stick up these grim bronze figures, but that it is only because we wish to conform to the custom of Continental cities—a custom which, nevertheless, we consider absurd. You may add that, as there is an open space, we must stick up something, and there are already lamp-posts enough—that the pedestals do very well for the little children to play hide-and-seek behind—and that, after all, when an eminent man dies, something must be done. Then, if your familiarity with French as a spoken language admits of it, you may intimate to him that there is another place

where he will find the men whom England delights to honour, and where he can observe the noble simplicity with which she honours them. Perhaps there will be an advertisement at the end of the omnibus, and with its assistance you can inform him that in Baker Street, in the very heart and home of British respectability, there is a genteel Valhalla where honour is done to greatness in every department—a temple of Fame founded on the most broadly catholic principles, in which a niche is secured by eminence in any capacity, whether as a monarch, a military genius, a minister, or a murderer. Nor should you pass over in silence the especially cheerful fact that it is not the illustrious dead alone who are glorified in the Marylebone Hall of Heroes, but that living merit gains admission there also; and that any man who achieves or has thrust upon him the requisite amount of greatness, can with his own eyes behold, literally, how he stands before the world. And yet, alas! not any man. Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Bright can any day, on the payment of a shilling, realize their position as men of mark; but Mr. Robson and Mr. Redpath are, for the present at least, debarred by the penal laws of their country from seeing how that country preserves the memory of their deeds.

If you wish to make a friend for life of your companion, you can do so by ministering to his vanity and pointing out that in this, as in every instance where art and invention come into play, England is indebted to French genius, for that Madame Tussaud, though not actually a Frenchwoman by birth, was educated in and derived her inspiration from France. It is the old story. Here, as in the case of everything that is really admirable in this country, from cookery to crinoline, France has supplied the thought, England the money. France furnished the artist, England the customers, and Madame Tussaud having studied the art of glorifying greatness in the country of her adoption, practised it in this for half a century with such success that she died, as her successors' catalogue with business-like piety expresses it, "full of gratitude and in the hope of another and a better world." Good as it had been to her and hers, a world which could supply materials for a Chamber of Horrors was not, morally speaking, so good as it might be; nevertheless she still retains a lively recollection of its past favours, for we find by the first page of the above-mentioned work, that "Madame Tussaud and Sons take this opportunity of returning their grateful thanks to the nobility, gentry, and public."

To Madame Tussaud is due the discovery of the proper substance to be employed in doing honour to greatness. Before her time, the world, in its own rash way, assuming that greatness was what mathematicians would call "a constant"—that a man once great was always great—made use of bronze and marble. Your French friend, if you put it to him, will be able, out of the history of his own country, to furnish many proofs of the fallacy of the assumption upon which this practice was founded. He has seen how the idol of yesterday may be shattered in the dust to-day, to the utter waste of so much honest stone or metal. Wax, as Madame Tussaud has shown, is your only material. As wax is, so is human greatness—a thing which has no necessary or inherent durability; a thing of extreme delicacy, and liable to destruction from accident, but which, bar accidents, may last for an indefinite period. With wax as your medium for representing the heroic, you need be under no apprehensions as to the permanence of your hero. You stand committed to nothing. If his fame resists the wear and tear of time and circumstance, so, with ordinary care, will your wax. If the policy of your minister is proved to have been blind—if the tactics of your military genius are discovered to have been blunders—if your murderer is reprieved or turns out to be innocent, you have only to melt him down and remould his plastic substance into a worthier and more popular form. We must admit that, as compared with bronze and marble, it has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. Both are illustrated in a legend of Madame Tussaud's, for which we do not vouch, but which is sufficiently credible to be quoted here. Several years ago, a figure of the late Duke of Wellington stood under one of the skylights in the principal room. By some unaccountable oversight, the attendant omitted to draw the blinds on one occasion when shutting up for the night, and next morning the hot rays of a July sun fell on the Duke's countenance with such fervour that his Grace's nose began to run, and, by the time the doors were opened, had disappeared completely. A large portion of the figure being thus destroyed, restoration to its original form was found to be impossible; so a new Duke was cast, and the mutilated remains of the old one were cut down a couple of inches and remoulded into a life-like presentment of Lord John Russell, who had just then come into power, and was therefore a fitting addition to the collection. It is true that such an accident could not have happened to a stone or metal figure; but, on the other hand, fracture is fatal to metal or stone. The mutilated image is rendered useless for its original or any other purpose. A noseless Theseus may still be recognised as a relic of ancient art, but a noseless Duke has no hold whatever upon our recognition.

The above anecdote further illustrates the leading principle of Madame Tussaud's method of dealing with greatness. There is perpetually going on a process which may be described as the converse of metempsychosis. The same corporeal substance is animated by a succession of different spirits, illumined from time to time by new eyes, and invested with wigs of ever-changing hue; and, as you gaze upon the amiable features of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman it may be that you are gazing on the identical wax which at some former period served to portray the repulsive

lineaments of a Thurtell or a Sawney Bean. This it is that, to a reflective mind, gives a melancholy tinge to the contemplation of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. As we wander through these spacious rooms we cannot help reflecting what a fleeting thing is human greatness—how little it is that makes and mars a man for wax-work purposes; and we almost feel inclined to weep like Xerxes when we think how few of these interesting figures will be standing as they now stand some ten years hence. Here we see Messrs. Mason and Slidell, with Mr. President Lincoln scowling at them with an expression which indicates at once dyspepsia and ferocity. A few months ago these worthy gentlemen were unknown to fame. In the words of Dryden, slightly altered,

Their grandeur they derived from Wilkes alone;
They were not great till fortune made them so.

But the *San Jacinto* took them, and here they are. In a few months more where will they be? The *Times* will announce in its first page that the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has been recently added to Madame Tussaud's collection, and the catalogue will say that No. 200 and odd is "The Poet Close, subsequently appointed to the deanery of Carlisle by Lord Palmerston, at the request of the King of Dahomey, whom he had served in the capacity of poet laureate. By his attacks upon tobacco and the vices of the aristocracy he won a deathless fame." These will be the epitaphs on Messrs. Slidell and Mason, and the unthinking crowd will pass on, forgetful that in the poet and the preacher it has before it the remains of the once illustrious Commissioners of the Confederate States. And who will succeed the poet and the preacher? for they in their turn must yield to Fate. Perhaps it may be you little boy who, with the happy stolidity of childhood, is sucking lollipops in the presence of these awful reminders of the uncertainty of human destiny. Who can tell what may be in store for him? Let us hope that, if Fate so wills it—if that as yet innocent lollipopphagist is destined to figure in this building—it may be in this cheerful and well-lighted apartment, and not in yonder dim chamber, where Palmer, Rush, and Manning reign supreme. Again, who was it furnished the wax for Lincoln, Mason, Slidell? Echo answers where are Lord Aberdeen, Count D'Orsay, Sir John Dean Paul? But a few months more, and Mr. Edwin James had stood here surrounded by his peers. Which of these blandly smiling images is it that has had its lease of greatness renewed in consequence of that gentleman's sudden retirement from eminence?

There is an atmosphere of grim satire pervading the whole place. To reach the Chamber of Horrors you pass through the "Golden Chamber" with the Napoleon relics. The same additional sixpence makes you free of both, and you feel the force of what the poet says about—

The narrow space
Twixt a prison and a smile.

Not that there is anything particularly smiling about the relics—which are, if the truth must be told, on the whole shabby—or that the other chamber bears any strong resemblance to a prison. But there is something very impressive in the fact that what, for rhetorical purposes, may be called the splendours of the throne and the horrors of the dungeon should be thus linked together. Then, with reference to those Horrors, the catalogue observes that, "in consequence of the peculiarity of the appearance of the following highly interesting figures, they are placed in an adjoining room." Cruel irony! There is no peculiarity of appearance. Messrs. Burke, Hare, and Dumollard are, perhaps, not personally well-favoured, though as bad or worse expressions are to be met with every day. But Palmer, Manning, and Rush are the very pink of common-place respectability. They are men of a flabbily sententious expression of countenance, habitually, we gather, attired in decorous black, for the most part in white ties, and reminding us, on the whole, of those cheap portraits of popular preachers now so common in shop windows—a resemblance which is no doubt heightened by their oratorical attitudes, and by the fact that they stand in large pulpits or pews, intended, we believe, to typify the dock. And yet these men are the very aristocracy of crime. It was "the sensation created by the crimes of Rush, Manning, &c.," which "induced the Messrs. Tussaud to expend a large sum in building a suitable room;" and it is for them they feel it necessary to apologise, assuring the public "that so far from the exhibition of the likenesses of criminals creating a desire to imitate them, experience teaches them it has a direct tendency to the contrary." This we fully believe. Impetuous youth may be excited by picturesque and dashing crime—by Claude du Val and Dick Turpin—but it is hardly likely to be led away by the contemplation of smug and fat-faced crime in sober raiment and with neatly combed whiskers. Even here the process above referred to obviously goes on. Palmer, Rush, and the Mannings are secure in their position, but here stands Mr. Quail raising his head proudly among his superiors in villany. We know what his fate will be. He was inserted merely that recent crime might be represented. His offence was not of a magnitude or brilliancy to ensure to him a long continuance of popular favour; and no doubt Messrs. Tussaud are even now attending the Central Criminal Court in search of some startling novelty to take the place of this ephemeral miscreant. Verily, as Sir Thomas Brown says, "Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osiris in the Dog-star."

NIGHT POACHING.

LORD BERNERS has obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the suppression of night poaching, and if he should succeed in devising a measure calculated to lessen the number of offences against the Game Laws, country justices and squires will have reason to thank him very warmly. Only those who live in rural districts can have a true conception of the misery and unhappiness caused by the practice of poaching. The mere statistics of the number of convictions do not adequately represent the extent of the mischief. Many a poacher escapes detection altogether, and the labourer who has once found it easier and pleasanter to set wires for hares or to shoot pheasants than to work, rapidly sinks into an idle, dissolute vagabond, while his family are left to the care of the parish, or are systematically trained in a career of vice and dishonesty. There is hope of amendment in a thief, but the only change likely to take place in a poacher is the change from bad to worse. The nefarious occupation, with its strange varieties of danger and excitement, seems to possess an almost unconquerable fascination for the man who has once been lured into it. There is scarcely an owner of an estate in the country who has not had the pain of witnessing the gradual fall of one or more of his best labourers through the temptation of plundering the preserves. Of course, the obvious remedy, in the eyes of many persons, is the one which has been so repeatedly urged upon the Legislature—the total abolition of the Game Laws. But Lord Berners does not profess to touch in any way on the propriety of maintaining or repealing these laws, although he cannot be ignorant of the fact that every attempt hitherto made to bring about a compromise between the poacher and the landowner has ended in complete failure. The Game Laws are as unpopular now as they ever were, and there are very many among the humbler classes who firmly and conscientiously believe that they are as much entitled to game as the lord of the manor, and that they are not bound to obey an unjust and iniquitous law enacted for the advantage of a special class. Sydney Smith's well-known apology for poachers expresses fairly enough the views of the common people on the subject of preserving game, but very recently the landed proprietors have found powerful arguments ready to their hands in support of the position they occupy. Something like a revulsion of feeling has taken place in their favour. The public are pretty generally agreed as to the necessity of legislative interference for the preservation of salmon. The free trade which has been carried on in that fish threatens to make it an extinct species, and no one would object to a law intended to disperse the midnight gangs who are fast divesting our English rivers of their most valuable natural treasure. Again, it has been discovered that the raid made upon small birds in all parts of the country is leading to the extermination of many most useful kinds, and it is little satisfaction to know that those who carry on this warfare are themselves the chief victims of their own wicked folly. There is no reason to suppose, if every description of English game were to be considered common property, that pheasants or woodcocks, partridges or grouse, would receive better treatment than salmon or small birds. The Game Laws have undoubtedly had the effect of "preserving" game in the fullest sense of the word, and on those estates where farmers are allowed to share with the landlord the right of shooting over the ground poaching has diminished very considerably. When farmers and labourers were alike leagued against the owner, the inducement to commit midnight depredations was much greater than it is at present; yet, after all that can be done, the Game Laws are sure to be detested and broken whenever an opportunity presents itself. Whether a more stringent law of trespass would or would not be a beneficial and efficacious substitute for the code now in force, is a question which it would be beside our present purpose to discuss.

Accepting the Game Laws as they stand, the difficulty is to administer them with the least possible disadvantage to the community. Whether just in principle or not—whether it be right or wrong to render game virtually a property and not a privilege—it was clearly never intended that the law should aggravate the evils arising from poaching. While the Legislature gives to territorial proprietors the right of preserving game on their estates for their exclusive use, the only thing that can be done is to take care that the measures for the discouragement of poaching shall be effectual. This necessity has notoriously been disregarded. The inefficacy of the Game Laws has been made an argument, and by no means a contemptible one, for their abolition. People who think it very hard that country squires should be allowed to keep preserves at their own expense have no idea how easy it is for the poacher to assert his claim to a share of the spoil. Unless a man is actually caught setting his snares, or examining them, or in the act of killing the game, it is a rare chance for him to be convicted. County magistrates know well how difficult it is to bring home a charge of trespass in pursuit of game. This does not arise from any want of rigour in the law so much as from the imperfect way in which it is put in force. It is requisite to employ private gamekeepers, who are almost constantly being thrown into collision with poachers. The enmity of the peasantry towards gamekeepers is undeniably much stronger than it would be towards the regular constabulary. In some instances, this may be ascribed to the gamekeepers themselves, who are apt to be needlessly suspicious, tyrannical, and offensive. They will occasionally bring unfounded charges against innocent persons, rather than lose their credit for alacrity and vigilance in the service of their masters. Instances must have come within the

experience of many of our readers where attacks have been made upon keepers solely from revengeful or vindictive motives. The Earl of Derby states that, in a recent midnight attack upon one of his gamekeepers, a poacher "actually returned and stabbed the man with a pitchfork as he was lying, in order to make his death more certain." Even in the worst quarters of large cities the police are seldom pursued with the same degree of animosity. According to the figures quoted by Lord Berners last Tuesday, there were in the short period of four months no less than 29 murderous attacks on gamekeepers, while, still more recently, 188 similar attacks were committed in less than three months. Many of the offenders are returned convicts—the great majority belong to the very refuse of their counties. Sometimes a hungry artisan or unemployed labourer may snare a hare through sheer want, but these are exceptional cases, and, in our own experience at least, they are usually dealt very lightly with by the local justices. The offender may be sentenced to pay the costs, but more frequently he is discharged with a caution. It is the habitual poachers who cause the manifold evils so much complained of by enemies of the Game Laws. That these men care very little for the "oppressive statutes" is proved by the impunity with which they can violate, and the ease with which they can evade them. On Lord Derby's estate, as he told the House of Lords this week, there are several gangs of men who might, if they pleased, obtain regular employment, but they greatly prefer helping themselves to the Knowsley fat pheasants and hares. The description of the circumstances connected with these bands applies to poachers in other parts of the kingdom. Lord Derby says:—

They were well known to the police, who, if you mentioned one of their names, could tell you all his companions. They were often seen with nets and with weapons, going out to engage in poaching. No possible doubt could exist as to their intentions, and the arms with which they were supplied showed that they were prepared to do something more than merely take game, and that they were also ready to take away life, if necessary, in the pursuit of game. In the morning they were again met by the police, laden with the produce of their night's toil. In one case which he had heard of, the poachers even had a donkey-cart filled with rabbits, and they robbed an old woman's orchard of apples, with which they covered the rabbits in order to conceal them. The police saw these men going out night after night and returning morning after morning, and, as the law now stood, or as the law was now interpreted, the police had no power to stop these men, and there were no means of preventing the forcible taking of game except by the use of corresponding force on the part of the keepers.

It is suggested as a remedy that the rural police should be authorized to assist gamekeepers more than they do at present. Though Lord Granville objects to this proposition, the plan might not improbably prove salutary in its operation. All that is asked is, that when the police meet a man in the possession of game which they believe to be unlawfully obtained, power should be given them to stop such a man, and compel him to account for the property found on him. In towns, an officer may act in this way with a suspected person, and with ordinary goods, and the alleged vicious tendency of the Game Laws would not be increased if the changes advised by Lord Derby were accepted. Whether they form the whole or any part of Lord Berners' plan remains to be seen; but evidently something more is wanting to check the surreptitious warfare now carried on between gamekeepers and poachers. It will not be an easy matter to give further protection to the interests of the landlord without exciting additional discontent in the minds of the peasantry; and the slightest attempt to render the Game Laws more severe in their tendency would only arouse a deeper determination to break them, and awaken a stronger prejudice against those employed in their administration. No one can be foolish enough to suppose that, even if the Game Laws were abolished next week, people would be allowed to roam over private grounds in pursuit of game, and pillage wherever and whenever they pleased. Landed proprietors might still keep up game preserves, but they would fulfil the old sign-board threat, and have the full penalty of the law inflicted on trespassers. They would probably still retain their gamekeepers, and heads would be broken or lives taken to a greater extent than at present; for poachers, under the impression that the law was in their favour, would be encouraged to break into forbidden ground. The abolition of Game Laws would not, therefore, be quite so facile a remedy for poaching as some people suppose. It would not render a gentleman's estate the property of all in common—on the contrary, many paths now open to the public by favour would doubtless be closed. Lord Berners will have to steer very carefully through a narrow and dangerous passage; and if he can escape the difficulties which lie on either side of his course, and check poaching without rendering the Game Laws more distasteful, and without adding to the feudal element in their character, he may be congratulated on having done his countrymen a thoroughly good piece of service.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

AFTER the manner of the English, the Society of Arts has just celebrated its one hundred and eighth anniversary by a dinner in the refreshment rooms of the International Exhibition. We trust that Messrs. Morrish or Veillot—we do not know to whom to assign the honours of the catering—gave the Society as good a dinner as that which, on another remarkable occasion, they offered to the Gentlemen of the Press. The Society of Arts deserved a treat, quite as well as did the Reporters, at the hands of the Commissioners or Guarantors of the Exhibition; for certainly the Council of the Society, or at least some prominent members of it, have done yeoman's service to the speculation. As long as the baronetcy of Dilke shall last—as long as the fame

and influence of Mr. Cole shall survive—as long as Mr. Le Neve Foster shall draw salary and credit from the Society of Arts—so long will the connexion between periodical Great Exhibitions and the Council of the Society of Arts survive. There is every reason that it should do so. The connexion answers. The success of the Exhibition may be just trembling on a razor's edge, and, like the amount of the deceased hop duties, Mr. Kelk's possible profits, or probable loss, or contingent escape from utter destruction, may be a good subject to make a book upon. But the Council of the Society of Arts, or rather the great Councillors, are safe. Their investment is secure. The salaries and pickings which are to be got out of decennial Exhibitions spread over the interval. There are always accounts open, and places open, and salaries running on, and the Society of Arts is quite right in keeping the thing before the public. On Tuesday they got the eloquent Mr. Gladstone into the chair, who delivered an oration in which the fine gold was spun out with even more than his usual delicacy of touch into a thread of amazing tenuity and verbosity. A single sentence will boil down into pemmican the vast cauldron of broth which the Chancellor of the Exchequer poured out weak, warm, and washy to the 500 diners, most of whom were jurors or foreign manufacturers, or tradesmen connected with the Exhibition. The Society deserved confidence and encouragement because, in the days of its infancy, when it had small means, it did much good—because, in the days of its adolescence, it attracted the friendship and patronage of the late Prince Consort, and (as in a curious figure the great rhetorician of the day expresses it) because, “in the bosom of the Society, the Prince matured the great fertile idea of the Exhibition of 1851,” destined to be the fruitful parent of Great, and still Greater, Exhibitions *in secula*—and lastly, because, in the present days of its lusty maturity, “the Society was now chiefly engaged in promoting the improved education of the working classes.” All this was put into Mr. Gladstone for the occasion. He was, as they say, “stoked.” He expressly states, “I am informed that the Society now finds its greatest scope,” and so on.

Now this distinct declaration that the Society has abandoned its original purpose is notable. Mr. Gladstone “believed”—and this language shows that the speaker only spoke as he was prompted—“that the giving of medals for inventions and discoveries was the principal means by which the Society in its early days encouraged arts, manufactures, and commerce.” But the day of these puny duties is passed away. “That was no doubt a most useful mode of action at the time.” *Majors canamus*. We have lived to the age of Sir Thomas Phillips, Sir Wentworth Dilke, Messrs. Cole and Le Neve Foster. These are gentlemen whose energies are not to be confined by such paltry aims as to give medals and premiums to artists and inventors. Great Exhibitions, salaries, a staff, affiliated institutions, and the establishment of local schools present a larger field and call out a nobler ambition. But did the Council tell Mr. Gladstone that the charter of the Society only recognised and prescribed those poor, peddling, insignificant duties which the Society now abandons as milk suitable for babes in 1753, but quite unfit for the strong digestion and giant appetites of the men of our time? “The Society was established for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce”—we quote the charter—“by bestowing rewards for such productions, inventions, or improvements as should tend to the employment of the poor, to the increase of trade, and to the riches and honour of the kingdom, by promoting industry and emulation.” It is further stated that “the Society has been engaged in promoting these objects by bestowing pecuniary and honorary rewards,” all which objects the charter recognises; and after reciting that the Society is still actively engaged with the same objects, the Royal charter incorporates the Society “for the purposes aforesaid.” These extracts we borrow from a pamphlet published by Mr. Murchison, a very old member of the body, who distinctly charges the Council with adding to this charter and interpolating in its programme a clause which gives to the corporation another and a larger field of labour—viz. “generally to assist in the advancement, development, and practical application of every department of science,” &c. This clause, however, giving general and undefined powers to the Society, is not to be found in the charter itself.

This point is well worth Mr. Gladstone's attention. If Mr. Murchison is wrong in his statement of the contents of the charter, then the Society may be perfectly right in its present extended sphere of action. But if Mr. Murchison is right, and if the Society is violating both the letter and the spirit not only of its original institution, but of its actual charter, by giving up its old function of distributing pecuniary and honorary rewards, then Mr. Gladstone's splendid eulogy of the Society for its services—whether real or not we shall not pause to ask—in connexion with Great Exhibitions and district schools, is only a very severe censure of the Society of Arts. From all that we can hear, a good many members of the Society feel that it is not only doing what it was never empowered by law to do, but is encouraging one art which it might as well leave unpatronised. We mean the art of rising in the world on the shoulders of the Society itself. It was, it seems, “intended to employ the poor to the increase of the honour of the kingdom.” The Society of Arts has certainly done something in this way, for it has lifted the Chairman of its Council into a post of honour, though not, perhaps, of profit. Sir Thomas Phillips, who some years ago, as Mayor of Newport, attracted a transient reputation and a title in connexion with John Frost's ridiculous rebellion, is a living proof that the honour of the kingdom is still one of the objects of the Society; and, in some instances at least, “the employment

of the poor and the promotion of industry” has been kept in view by the Society in the exercise of that laudable charity which begins at home. But the Council will be hard pressed to answer that question which many of its members are now putting—which is, how far subscriptions gathered to bestow “pecuniary and other rewards” on struggling artists and inventors are rightly appropriated when the Council, without first asking the Society's assent, gives a thousand guineas to a huge stone, for it was to the Prince Consort's Memorial in the shape of the obelisk that this large subscription was made. In other days, the Society of Arts, before it was blessed with a Council, called out the inventive genius of a Jacquard, and had already rewarded a Flaxman and a Landseer. These were in the days of its stumbling and tottering infancy. These days of comparative inefficiency it has outlived. It has expanded into ampler strength, and disposes of larger means. Its energies and funds are now devoted to a wholesale expenditure in printing, and it gives the services of its officials and the use of its house to that discreditable penny subscription which has done more to lower the honour of the Crown and the fair fame of the excellent Prince Consort in the homes of those poor men whom he loved and served so well, than all the fulsome eulogies and flunkeyish pertinacity in writing begging letters of the whole Council can do to honour his memory. If what is now going on is to be taken as an earnest of the future of the Society of Arts, and of the usual distribution of its funds, the sooner it relapses into its old career of unostentatious patronage of struggling genius the better. It is one thing for a society to cultivate popular arts—it is another, to fulfil those purposes, however lowly and commonplace, for which it was founded and incorporated.

THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

THE Exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society may be well described by saying that it is like a very large horse and cattle fair, where there is a vast deal to be seen, and the conveniences for seeing it are immeasurably greater than at any other display of the same kind. There may be several fairs which show a far larger number of the stock for which the districts in which they are held are famous, but at Battersea Park you behold an epitome of all the fairs in England. Usually, too, the saleable stock of a whole county is crowded into the stables, yards, market-places, and streets of a small town, whereas at Battersea there is abundant space both for the accommodation and the inspection of the immense variety of animals collected there. Visitors to the International Exhibition assume that its arrangements may be fairly compared with those of previous shows of the same kind, and, if tried by that standard, it is found defective. But one naturally compares the Agricultural Exhibition with the only other shows of the same kind—viz. fairs, where the arrangements cannot be said to be either bad or good, for the simple reason that nobody ever dreams of making any.

Another point in which the south side of the Thames excels the north side is the greater scope which it affords for the indulgence of national complacency. At Brompton, Englishmen are taught the useful but distasteful lesson, that in many branches of art and industry their country does not, and perhaps cannot, equal other countries which are more fortunate in climate or in the genius of their inhabitants. But at Battersea, there is no room for any other feelings than pride and confidence. After all, there are some things in which the little island is difficult to beat, and one of them is the art of raising stock. It is not alone in horses that English excellence is displayed. Let any visitor examine the Swiss and other foreign bulls and cows, and then betake himself to the quarter appropriated to the English Shorthorns or Devons, and he will wonder at the difference which he observes. It is not necessary to deny to foreign cattle a large share of merit. Some of the Swiss specimens, we believe, have been highly commended by those who understand the subject. They are, at any rate, useful animals, but to the English eye they are almost wholly wanting in the marks of what we call breeding. The reason perhaps is, that other countries lack that rich and patriotic class of landowners who among us breed cattle just as they do racehorses, for the gratification and advantage as much of their poorer neighbours as of themselves. But, whatever be the cause, the effect as shown at Battersea is undeniable. The English horses are left without competitors, there being only two foreign horses in the show; and really competition with the English bulls, cows, and heifers seems, in the present state of foreign agriculture, almost equally unpromising.

In the presence of such a concourse of all nations, it was gratifying to find that some of the best horses in the country, if not the very best, had places in this Exhibition. The class of thoroughbred stud-horses includes several animals who, in their younger days, were famous on the Turf. The first prize in this class was adjudged to Ellington, the winner of the Derby in 1856. Now there are among English stud-horses several of higher repute than Ellington. There is, for example, Voltigeur, who did, and there is Stockwell, who did not, win the Derby. But these horses are so very valuable that it is almost too much to expect their owners to trust them out of their own keeping. It must not, however, be forgotten that this show gives a very inadequate idea of the vast wealth of England in this one article of thoroughbred stud-horses. There might perhaps be a question raised, whether the exhibition of the higher classes of horses is the proper business of the Agricultural Society. Certainly, neither racing nor hunting is an agricultural pursuit, but the improvement of the breed of

sound and stout thorough-bred horses is as important to farmers as improvements in any other sort of stock, and this is the object which the judges kept in view in awarding prizes. One might have wished to see, if possible, one or two of the most illustrious stud-horses of the day, and also a few of those mares which have given birth to the winners of the last two years. The Exhibition does not contain a single first-class mare, and there are only twelve first-class stallions. Of these, no doubt, Ellington, the winner of the first prize, will attract the largest share of notice. Many people have seen a Derby winner as it were in a flash of lightning; but here you may see him quietly feeding in his stall or walking round the paddock. Like the great majority of thorough-bred horses, Ellington is docile and good-tempered. The animals which give trouble at this and similar exhibitions belong not to the highest but to the lower classes. No doubt, when a thorough-bred is vicious, he is so to some purpose. But characters like the notorious Cruiser are very rare. The beauty of Ellington is undeniable. He is a son of the Flying Dutchman, and, like most of his sons, is dark brown in colour. It must be remembered, that horses run in England before they have attained maturity, and therefore they never reach the perfection of their form and colour until they have been withdrawn from public view. Perhaps it may be said that for a dozen years after a horse is taken out of training, he improves in beauty as he grows older. And when training and running are at an end, and there are no more alternations of triumph and defeat in store for him—when, in fact, the horse settles down to family life, he is allowed to eat and drink much as he likes; and he is apt, like many husbands and fathers of erect gait and articulate speech, to develop a tendency towards growing fat, which within certain limits is not unbecoming. For several reasons, therefore, the beauty of the stud-horse exceeds that of the racer, and it is certain that no visitor to this department of the Exhibition will fail to be delighted with the contemplation of Ellington and his eleven comrades. It is, perhaps, rather surprising when we consider how bays and chestnuts abound upon the Turf, that the second as well as the first prize should have been taken by a brown horse. The winner of second honours is Marionette, who ran second for the Derby in 1859, being beaten by another brown horse, Musjid. By an accident of very rare occurrence, Marionette was mistaken for another horse, Ticket of Leave, whose name was telegraphed from Epsom as second in the race. Afterwards, Marionette was duly admitted to the distinction which he had earned. He is a stouter horse in frame than Ellington, and his colour is distinguishable as being a kind of mottled brown. We do not doubt that these two horses deserve the prizes awarded to them, but our own preference would rather incline to Young Touchstone, who is so called, although he is the oldest horse of the lot, to distinguish him from his sire, the great Touchstone of the stud-book. This horse has a slight blemish, caused by a kick on his off fore-leg, which possibly may have disqualified him for a prize even if his merits were otherwise such as we have assumed. Probably if ladies had been the judges, they would have given the prize to the chestnut Cambodo, who is so beautiful that it is almost impossible to take one's eyes off him, but whose other qualifications for a prize are not so manifest. Cambodo has taken to settled life early, for he is only five years old, and ran in the St. Leger of 1860, where his chief distinction was that he had a gentleman-rider upon his back. Another equally young seceder from the Turf is the handsome bay horse Horror, who finished next behind Thormanby and the Wizard in the Derby of the year before last. Yet another horse of the same year is Mainstone, who belonged, when he was in training, to Lord Palmerston, and may be suspected to have found backers on that account. We do not like him nearly so well as Amsterdam, who is a son of the Flying Dutchman, and very much resembles his sire in shape, although not in colour, as he is bay. There can, of course, be no question about the merit of that well-known sire of hunters, Sir John Barleycorn, who is the oldest horse of the lot next to Young Touchstone. This horse became what is called in French *rangé* at an early age, in consequence of a break-down in his preparation for the St. Leger, ten years ago. Probably many winners of that race have done less service to the State than he has. We have now mentioned eight horses, of which three are brown, and it is certainly rather curious that all the remaining four horses of this class are brown also, or rather three are brown and one is black, which does not differ much from brown. We cannot leave this class without mentioning in connexion with it one more brown horse, which is unaccountably exhibited as a roadster, although, if there be a thorough-bred in England, it must be he, inasmuch as his sire was the Flying Dutchman, and his dam has given birth subsequently to Old Calabar, whose name is so well known to all bookmakers of the present year. This is not the only instance in which the rules of classification appear very mysterious. Here is a horse of racing blood and racing size, but perhaps unsuccessful as a racer, and who comes and competes with the humble animals called roadsters. It is true that he competed unsuccessfully. If he had won a prize, it would have been a good deal like a Derby horse cantering away with a plate at some provincial race-meeting.

But after all, the merit of the thorough-bred horse lies not so much in what he does himself as in what is done by horses which combine weight and power with the speed and activity which they derive from him. The English hunter is only possible because the English racehorse exists, and the hunter is the type of excellence for all the higher duties of the horse in peace and for all his duties in war. The sort of cavalry that is likely to be

useful in European campaigns is that of which a sample was seen in the mounted Volunteers who took part in the review at Brighton. For Staff duties, of course, this kind of horse is indispensable. The efficiency of the Duke of Wellington's Staff in Spain was a good deal attributable to the fact that the officers composing it possessed the money to buy and the skill to choose and ride good horses. These considerations make the four classes of hunters in the Exhibition quite as interesting as the class of thorough-breds to which they owe their quality. Among the stallions Grey Priam commands attention by his colour, which is much commoner in the hunting field than on the turf. Our admiration was divided between this horse and British Statesman, the winner of the first prize in this class. Another horse, named Horatio, who is sixteen years old, pleased us so much as to suggest the remark that, up to twenty years or so, the older a horse is the better he looks. The geldings have the practical interest which belongs to horses which are in actual work. They are a fine lot of hunters, among which the excellence of the winners of prizes is undeniable, while there are several others who must have been defeated by them on very slight grounds of preference. Certainly the chestnut horse without a name, who gained the first prize, is the very model of a hunter.

Among horses adapted to work more properly agricultural, the Clydesdale and the Suffolk breeds deserve nearly equal praise. We should think indeed that the heavy Clydesdale horse was better adapted for town than for country work. The same observation applies, in a less degree, to the Suffolk horse, who has a big body, but supports it upon lighter legs. A large part of English farming is carried on with horses lighter than either of these breeds, and also considerably cheaper. These fine horses may be very well for farmers who have the capital to buy them; but, like some other of the appliances for farming exhibited by the Agricultural Society, it strikes one as being rather out of the line of the many masters of small holdings, small means, and perhaps small education and intelligence, who are still numbered among English farmers. Perhaps a farmer who has occasion for a steam-machine to bruise his oil-cake may find his advantage in keeping a few teams of Clydesdale or Suffolk carthorses. Anyhow it is the duty of the Society to exhibit models of excellence, and in these classes it is indisputable that they have done so. The ponies too which they exhibited were charming, but we cannot help thinking that the price paid by the Prince of Wales for the pony bought by him was magnificent. There must be many a horse-dealer who would be glad to have His Royal Highness for a customer upon such terms.

THE ENGLISH PICTURES AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE English Gallery affords an admirable opportunity of gaining a real acquaintance with most of what is worth knowing and studying in the history of painting in England. The limits of time assigned to the exhibition of English pictures include all that there has been of painting in the country, while almost all, if not quite all, of those painters who ought to have a place in such a gallery are represented here; and, except Turner, the more considerable masters are represented with tolerable adequacy. It is a collection as instructive as it is interesting. It is a condensation of all that we most wish to know and most love to see in English art. The only way to understand it and feel its value is to go to it day after day, and work through the long series, returning again and again to those which strike us most. No criticism can replace the thoughts which the actual survey of the pictures suggests, and no guide can teach us what to see and what to avoid. It can only teach us what to see most and what to see least. But good criticism is a most valuable help to those who work for themselves; and we may here say that the more Mr. Palgrave's *Handbook* is read and studied, the greater will be the delight of the spectator in the gallery and the profit he will derive. It is a publication full of sound, original, suggestive criticism, and if we find faults in it, we may readily pardon them when they are accompanied by so much that is good. If any one with a taste for pictures, but no great knowledge of them, wants to make this gallery, as it easily may be made, the starting point of an acquaintance with English art that shall not be wholly superficial, there is no way of his getting what he wants short of a long and laborious examination of the pictures; and in this examination he will find, we think, that Mr. Palgrave will greatly help him. All that we can attempt to do is to sum up with necessary brevity those general impressions which a careful spectator will probably carry away from the gallery. If he tries to arrange what he has seen and learnt under distinct heads, he will perhaps find that there are four principal groups which, rightly or wrongly, do yet, as a matter of fact, represent to him that which has been valuable and distinct in his thoughts. In the first place, there are the pictures of Sir Joshua and of Gainsborough. Secondly, there are the pictures which represent the peculiarly English art of landscape painting. Thirdly, there are the pictures of the incident school. And lastly, there are those pictures marked by the brilliancy of colour and minuteness of detail which we generally associate with the name of Pre-Raphaelitism. There are many other things to be studied in this gallery. There are other kinds of pictures. There are general notions of the historical sequence or intrinsic excellence of the gallery as a whole. But any one who determines that he will understand and recollect these four groups, and examine minutely a few chosen pictures in each, so that each may

be represented by distinct types in his mind, will have made a use of the gallery that he will be glad of, and will have protected himself from that general feeling of indolent haziness of thought that is so often the only result of passing through a series of things which we may, perhaps, have most sincerely admired.

There seems, theoretically, no reason why we should set the pictures of Gainsborough and Sir Joshua apart, but practically we find that we cannot help doing so. Partly from association, partly from the great difficulty of seeing them in any quantity, and partly from the distinctive qualities they possess, they seem to stand by themselves as the peculiar gems of the gallery, not to be confused with the pictures around them. They charm us just as much when we see them at the end of a day's picture-seeing as when we see them the first thing, and they always awake the same feeling—that of a wonderful charm and gracefulness quite out of proportion to the technical means apparently used. It seems strange how they can possibly be so good, the effect is so much greater than the instruments that produce it. Certainly the "Blue Boy" is an obvious triumph of the most careful and elaborate painting, but in such a picture as, for example, Gainsborough's "Cattle" (118), the appearance of cows on a hot summer's afternoon seems attained by a happy magical daub. Nothing in Gainsborough or Sir Joshua ever gives us the notion of great knowledge and great labour which we get from the landscapes of Turner or the best Pre-Raphaelite pictures. Perhaps the pleasure they give us is all the greater, for to most minds the sense of ease in the execution, provided the result is unquestionably good, is an agreeable one. We have a natural dislike to be put on the rack of thought, and although this dislike must be surmounted if we are to appreciate the greatest works of art, yet we shall always feel the especial attraction of pictures which we fancy to have been easy to the master to execute and which seem easy to understand. Everyone likes the pictures of Sir Joshua and Gainsborough. They take our fancy the first moment we see them, and their grace and delicacy are apparent to the most casual observer. They are also very easy to remember. The faces of their portraits come back to us like the faces of friends. There seems no end to the beauty of these faces, which take hold of us at once, and on the sweetness and force of which we feel as if we seized so readily. Gainsborough's "Nancy Parsons" (48), and Sir Joshua's "Lady E. Foster" (69), for example, are faces so simple, and yet so perfect, that, after we have once well studied them, they haunt us in our moments of leisure as if by dwelling on them we could see farther into them. The pictures of these masters give us a sense of the kind of poetry in art which the presence of children gives us in a house. They light up art as children light up a home, with a pleasure that would be simple were it not infinite. It is only natural that the children they themselves have drawn should be among their greatest works. Art has many higher things, but it has little that is more permanently or more immediately delightful than Sir Joshua's "Miss Boothby," or the "Age of Innocence," or the pictures in which Gainsborough has invested with a golden grace the children of the poor.

Turner is only feebly represented here. All the pictures in this gallery are in his earlier manner, before he attempted to conquer those great difficulties in painting sky and land which have been the means of exciting in the breasts of his admirers such rapture of adoration. In the pictures to be seen in this gallery Turner is quiet, masterly, but not superhuman. The "Schaffhausen" (332) is, however, here to show how great he really was. It is a picture which does not catch or please the eye much at first. It is only when standing at the right distance, and after having got used to the make of the picture, that we see the life, and beauty, and truth which is given to the movement of the vast body of water. Gradually, as we contrast the water with the simple foreground and the sloping bank of trees, and discern among the roll of waters how the rocks are placed that shape its course, the great waterfall seems to move before our eyes, and throw its gigantic mass into the gulf below. Turner may have done greater things than this, but very few men have done anything like it. But the merit of the gallery as an exposition of English landscape painting lies in this—not that Turner or any one man is to be seen, but that the whole series of masters who have given their lives and thoughts to this branch of art comes before us here. We can see the variety of modes in which nature has appeared to her worshippers, and the fidelity with which each in his peculiar walk has tried to render her. Let any one look carefully at three pictures placed on the same wall, not very far from each other—Collins' "Bird Catchers" (318), Constable's "Hay Wain" (267), and Linnell's "Sheepfolding" (417). Here are three conceptions of English scenery, all true, and all beautiful, with the central thought of each worked out, not, indeed, with all the mastery that art can command, but with sufficient mastery to make the presence of true art felt. The simple tender grace of a homely English field on a bright day, the wet, bright confusion of tree and water and sky on a showery summer afternoon, and the rosy tint of the evening clouds hanging over a bright Surrey valley, are so given in these three pictures that those who best know the reality will find most to admire in the representation. But in the works of these painters we never quite get free from a certain mannerism. We learn, from seeing their other paintings, that there was some one aspect of nature which they had made their own, and which they loved to repeat. Nature is arranged so as to bring in what they best knew how to render. This does not prevent any single picture being true, but the mind that loves to repeat this sort of special effect is one that has scarcely simplicity and freedom

enough to be great. English landscape goes higher in this gallery than any of these three pictures can carry it. If any spectator wishes to study one or two masterpieces until every detail is his own, so that he may see what English landscape painting is in the hands of men who have not what is claimed for Turner, "a mind as far above that of all other painters as the mind of Shakespeare was above that of all other poets," but who, on the other hand, are without mannerism, and are simple and free and great in their own line of art, let him choose Creswick's "Passing Cloud" (611), and Stanfield's "Abandoned" (377). We should like the intelligent foreigner of our dreams to be brought before these two pictures, that he might know what English scenery is like, and what can be made of it in art, and how the sea, that has made England's fame, can be put upon the canvass of an English painter. In Creswick's picture he would see what there is in the English sky that compensates us for the mists and fogs and rain which he professes to think perpetual here. The arrangement of light in the picture is not accidental or strained. It is not one of the freaks of nature surprised by art. It is such an arrangement as is seen, time after time, on a bright day in summer, and yet nothing in its degree can exceed the beauty of its disposition. Then the Trent, with its near trees and the interminable sweep of distance through which it winds its silver way to Belvoir, gives us at once the prose and the poetry of English landscape. Stanfield's "Abandoned" is equally admirable in a region of scenery as different as possible. It is a picture which any one who wishes to enjoy sea-painting should know by heart. And, as he learns it, he will be overcome by the mastery with which at least three great characteristics of sea scenery are given—the unity and harmony between the sea and sky, the mode in which the spray in the distant horizon melts into the sky line, and the roll of the waves, with a regularity of distance, height, and curvature in the midst of an endless diversity of the surface. Many more things, also, are to be seen in such a picture as this. We cannot exhaust a great work by a rapid little analysis; but, in order to remember, we must take definite points, and these are three of the chief points which would, we think, be taken by every intelligent observer.

The incident-pictures abound on these walls, and it is very fortunate that they do; for otherwise a large majority of the visitors to the Exhibition would have nothing to see. But even those wonderful people who seem to think it a pleasant and useful family proceeding to drag children under two years of age through picture galleries linger for a moment with real pleasure, not only over the representation of the Baptism of the Princess Royal—which is their great delight—but over the lively and intelligible groups of Wilkie and Leslie, and of lesser men in the smaller rooms. Incident painting is, as has often been said, the style that is dear to the modern mind. The very circumstances of society make it fashionable. Pictures are painted to be bought, and pictures are bought to be put in dining-rooms, not in galleries. A smart, interesting, intelligible representation of something familiar is what is most wanted in the dining-rooms that the largest picture-buying purses are opened to decorate. In this gallery we may see both what incident painting can do and what it cannot do. Our four chief painters of stories and scenes are all represented here. Hogarth is so far above all other painters of stories, in force and richness of thought, that it seems scarcely right to put him in the same class. Still, his paintings are only story-telling on canvass, with a much larger amount of genius in conception and expression than is generally put into the story. If we look at Wilkie or Mulready or Leslie, and then come back to Hogarth, we feel how very great this excess of force and mind is in him. No amount of study is too much to bestow upon all the pictures of the different series that are put together on these walls, and which no one, probably, will ever behold again so put side by side that we can see all that Hogarth really was. But amid these scenes, rich in tragedy or comedy as life is, most spectators will find it advisable to select some one, that they may carry away a final definite impression of the master. Where all are so admirable, it is only by a sort of hazard that we select any one; but perhaps the Marriage in "The Rake's Progress" (18) may be suggested as not too horrible, and not too deep in its revelation of vice, and yet full of the stern morality Hogarth set himself to preach, and of the devices of his boundless ingenuity, and of all his brilliancy of execution. No faces were ever drawn telling the story of their lives more forcibly and plainly than those of the grisly vulgar hack parson, and of the cunning, sensual, odious, triumphant bride. The incident-picture has been compared to a novel, and the comparison is in many respects a very just one. The same taste bids us hang our dining-rooms with incident-pictures and read volume after volume of minute descriptions of the lives of our neighbours in modern fiction. The incident-picture, too, like the novel, reflects the tastes and fashions of the times. It may also be said that we must literally read an incident-picture as we must read a novel, if we wish to enjoy it and do it justice. We must throw ourselves into the plot of the painter as into that of the novelist, and gradually learn his characters as the incidents come upon us one after another. We cannot conveniently begin at the third volume either in the picture or the book. But the instructive point in almost all parallels is the point where they cease to be true; and the comparison between incident-pictures and novels breaks down in one very important respect. The novel is constantly gaining in variety, in subtlety, and in life. *Vanity Fair* may not be a work of greater genius than *Tom Jones*, but there is a great deal more in it. *Adam Bede* may not be better for its day than *Evelina* was for its day, but *Evelina* seems almost

childish now by the side of *Adam Bede*. So far, however, as our experience goes, there is no advance or expansion of this sort in incident painting. Each incident painter has his distinctive merits. Wilkie gives us perhaps, as no other of these painters has given, the motion and liveliness of a group. The movement in his figures is really wonderful. Anyone who wishes to see how great it is may study the "Penny Wedding" (277), where not only the chief dancers and the incomparable old woman dancing in the middle are instinct with motion, but even the figures sitting down or just preparing to dance are so full of liveliness that they seem to partake of the general movement. No incident painter can surpass Mulready in grace and brightness and the poetry of home. His "Sophia and Burchell" (299) is all that an idyll in respectable life when put on canvas can be. Leslie had a singular grasp of scenic truth. He paints a familiar character, especially one of an avowedly comic character, so that we at once say he has hit exactly what we wanted. The Falstaff in (356), the Sancho Panza in (344), the Chaplain in (346), are as nearly the comic people we expect them to be as painting can give us. But all these incident painters are babies to Hogarth. His works, which came first in the series, are infinitely the best, and it does not seem as if they were likely ever to be rivalled. The ordinary range of what even very successful incident painters can manage is very limited, and is much more limited than what the ordinary range of successful novelists can compass.

Passing from the large room into the smaller ones is like passing from the quiet society of staid, established, respected friends into the streets, where there are some friends and acquaintances, but where most of the faces are scarcely known, and where there is constant contention, bustle, and uncertainty. In the smaller room we find ourselves in the disputed region of modern painting, and of all those controversies to which Pre-Raphaelitism has given rise. But this is what English art is doing in our generation, and it is this that we must compare with the general result of the foreign galleries. And if the contemplation of the great works of English painters now dead, and with their fame and place established, has taught us anything, it is to these paintings of our contemporaries that we shall most wish to apply what we have learned. If, without favour and without a wish to cry up or down those whom we have so often heard criticized, we go patiently through these smaller rooms, we shall at least be impressed with the devotion, the eagerness, and the patience with which the modern school of English artists has cultivated the two parts of painting to which they have given themselves up—the laborious truth of detail and the representation of colour. We shall also come to the conclusion that, great as are the merits of success in both these lines, yet success in neither is all that art demands. We may find plenty of pictures on these walls which are admirable in truth of detail, but which only show that truth of detail may remain nothing but truth of detail, with the soul and poetry of art omitted. It is foolish, however, to take pictures to which we entirely object, and in which we think we could easily pick holes. In order to see what a school of art is coming to, we must only take specimens that are not unworthy of it. Perhaps Brett's "Vale of Aosta" (481), and Dyce's "Pegwell Bay" (613), may be selected as fair and instructive examples of the triumph and failure of this truth of detail. The former is the most marvelously accurate lilac and green photograph of mountain scenery that was ever taken, and the latter is an almost equally accurate photograph of grey rocks, and of the little ledges covered with sea-weed that a rocky coast sends out through the sands. If the business of an artist was to take a first-rate inventory of nature, here would be complete success. In the same way Hunt's "Valentine and Sylvia" (728) shows us what colour is when it is only colour. The spectator is lost in surprise to find so much colour in a wood. The face of Julia is lit up with a brilliant red reflected from her mantle. Every one wears satin embroidered with flowers, Proteus kneels with red legs equal in intensity, but differing in tint, of redness. The flowers and fungi stare out of the canvas like butterflies in a glass-case. If such colours exist in nature, or if any group that ever met on earth exhibited such a strange assortment of hues, it is only accidental—we have but the rendering of a queer odd chance. We may also find here many pictures that show us one great characteristic of the modern school, viz. that it is a learned school. It does not come home to us at once—we have got to understand how things like these are supposed to happen. One curious symptom of this is the extraordinary ugliness of the female faces at first sight. The young women who are found in the unfavourable specimens representing Millais are simply hideous, and Sylvia in Hunt's picture is at first sight a bluff, coarse, most prosaic young person. Mr. Palgrave tells us that those "who know Shakespeare by heart will see in her a balanced intensity of expression and forceful character." Perhaps so; but it is only the learned who know Shakespeare by heart, and it is only the learned who will see all this in Sylvia. Now, hitherto the pictures that have pleased the learned have also, as a rule, been those that pleased the unlearned too, so far as the unlearned could be brought to look at them, and profit by them. Every visitor whose attention is directed to them sees at once the beauty of Gainsborough's "Nancy Parsons," or Sir Joshua's "Lady E. Foster." The more he looks, the more he will admire, but he admires at first. It is, we apprehend, a sign of weakness, not of strength, that so much learning is required to appreciate the modern school. At the same time, it ought fully to be admitted that there are in this gallery pictures characteristic of the modern school in its highest degree of success, which show that study of a picture at first sight hard to understand may be amply repaid.

"The Light of the World" (518) is an instance that must occur to every one. There are also pictures here that show how minute detail and brilliant colouring can be used so as to make a painting intelligible and pleasant to every one, while yet it is really masterly in design and execution. If any spectator wishes to take away the memory of such a picture as his last impression of the English Gallery, let him examine Martineau's "Last Day in the Old House" (727), and he will find himself repaid and satisfied, and, if he is an Englishman, he will pass on to the Foreign Galleries with a proper pride in the paintings of his own country.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

THE success of the performances of the great Oratorios of Handel at the Crystal Palace in 1857, and again in 1859, was such as quite to justify the expectation of another "Festival" upon a future occasion. Whether it is really intended to make these gigantic meetings triennial, it was at all events fitting that the Directors of the Crystal Palace should have chosen the present year of feverish excitement to renew, upon a grander scale, the effects of '57 and '59. The advantages and drawbacks of these monster meetings in a due rendering of Handel's music are very nearly balanced, but one great superiority they undoubtedly have over all others in the physical comfort in which the music can be heard. Nothing more effectually induces weariness and indifference in listening to a long Oratorio, where the mind is appealed to more than the senses, than the close, ill-ventilated rooms in which they are generally heard; but at Sydenham we can sit at ease breathing pure air, with the eye gratified by the graceful scene in which the music is enjoyed. Since the last Festival, a great improvement has been made by roofing over the entire orchestra. Without quite agreeing in the extravagant praise with which the Directors laud the capacities of their Palace for music, there can be no doubt that it is of very great assistance, more especially to the solo singers, who can now be heard for a considerable distance as pleasantly and clearly as in any of our London Halls.

The music selected for this Festival comprised the *Messiah*, a selection from different Oratorios, and some of Handel's secular music, and *Israel in Egypt*. The *Messiah* and *Israel* were both performed on each of the former Festivals. The first was again included, we suppose, because no musical festival of any importance—certainly none dedicated to Handel's music—could be considered complete without a performance of the *Messiah*; and the latter because it is, of all Handel's works, that in which an immense chorus is imperatively demanded, and in which upon that chorus depends the main interest of the work. It is, perhaps, rather to be regretted that the present occasion was not made an opportunity for producing one of Handel's less known Oratorios in place of the *Messiah*, which depends quite as much upon its solos as its choruses; and after all, solos are undoubtedly not heard to the best advantage in the Crystal Palace. The familiarity of the singers with the music of the *Messiah* has no doubt its weight with those upon whom the selection devolves, but, perhaps, although too much familiarity cannot in this instance breed contempt, it may generate carelessness; and the admirable manner in which some of the unfamiliar choruses were given on Wednesday showed that this reason need not have weighed with the Society in determining them to retain the *Messiah* for the first day. It is, however, dangerous to run counter to a popular prejudice; and we suppose a Handel Festival without the *Messiah* would, to a large number of Handel worshippers, seem like *Hamlet* with the part of the Danish prince left out. The performers are about the same in number as in 1859, but from the frequency of similar meetings, either in the Crystal Palace or at other ceremonials, they work together far better, and are far more under the control of the conductor than at the last Festival. There is a model of the orchestra, with all the singers and instrumentalists in their places, at the International Exhibition, which gives a very adequate idea of the imposing appearance they present; but although, as a picture, the position of the soprano and contralto is highly effective, in a musical point of view we think the Exeter Hall arrangement far better. Several times, both on Monday and Wednesday, the female voices were swallowed up by the tenors and basses. From some cause, the tenors are unusually strong—we have never heard such a magnificent body of sound as they gave out whenever they had to lead the phrase. The basses, on the other hand, were comparatively weak. This, however, we imagine, is owing in great measure to the nature of the building, which, even with the new roof to the orchestra, renders the notes of the bass voice below B, even when sung by 800 basses, almost inaudible against the other parts.

The performance on Monday commenced with a verse of "God save the Queen," which showed at once what a splendid tone was to be expected from the chorus, and showed also what we have mentioned as to the remarkable excellence of the tenors. The *Messiah* is too well known to require any detailed account of the different pieces. Taking advantage of the roofing of the orchestra, Mr. Costa gave that reading of the chorus, "For unto us a Child is born," which caused so much controversy upon its first introduction. We confess to having always liked this effect, and regretted that the nature of the building obliged Mr. Costa to reject it in '57 and '59, and we were therefore not sorry that the present condition of the orchestra enabled it to be resumed. "Glory be to God" was extremely well given; and so were all the choruses at the commencement of the second part, allowing for a slight tendency of the basses to drag the time. Especially good was the descriptive

chorus, "All we, like Sheep," with its superb sixteen bars of adagio in conclusion. There was a little unsteadiness in the chorus, "Let us break their bonds asunder;" but the "Hallelujah Chorus" will not easily be forgotten by those who heard it. This is exactly the chorus which is capable of being sung by any number of voices, if they can only be kept together; and on Monday this condition was secured to perfection. The rich body of subdued sound in that exquisite passage, "The kingdoms of this world," created an effect almost overpowering, and it was impossible to listen to the notes swelling through the vast building without an emotion almost painful in its intensity. Equally good in its way was the "Amen" chorus. With the solos we cannot say we were at all pleased. We have never heard Mr. Reeves sing the great songs in the Oratorio so poorly. He gave the Passion music, however, very finely. Madame Sainton-Dolby was unable successfully to contend against the reverberation of the building in "O Thou that tellest," and the same was the case with Mdlle. Parepa in "Rejoice greatly;" the florid divisions in each case came to the hearers in a confused blended mass. Mdlle. Titiens seems to have lost in power since we heard her in the *Creation* at the Crystal Palace last year, or her voice has been fatigued this week, for she certainly failed to fill the building as Clara Novello did in 1859. Signor Belletti sang like a perfect artist, and he certainly contrived that every note he sang should be distinctly heard. Mr. Weiss gave the recitative to the song—"For who may abide"—very well, but he was unable to preserve the triplets in "Why do the Nations" from the same confusion as attended the other florid songs. Altogether, we confess to a feeling of disappointment in the performance of the *Messiah*, which we think must arise from its not being well fitted to such a building as the Crystal Palace from the important part which the solos fill in it.

This feeling, however, was entirely removed on Wednesday. The performance on that day must, indeed, always be remembered with pleasure by those present, both from the very excellent selection of music which had been made, and from the admirable manner in which it was executed by all concerned. Blemishes there undoubtedly were in some of the pieces, but, as a whole, we question if finer choral singing has been heard in England. The first pieces were from the *Dettingen Te Deum*, the whole of which was performed on the second day of the Festival of 1859. The solo and chorus, "All the Earth doth worship Thee," sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby, was admirable. The divisions given first to the treble voices, and afterwards to the bass, were sung with the greatest clearness, and the precision of the whole body of singers upon the word "All," delivered fortissimo, was most thrilling. Next in the programme were five pieces from *Samson*, which belongs to the same period of Handel's career as the *Messiah*, having been completed in about six weeks after he had finished that Oratorio. The solemn air, "Return, O God of Hosts," sung also by Madame Sainton-Dolby, followed by the chorus, "To dust his Glory they would tread," were both admirably rendered—the piano passages being given with a softness and at the same time fullness of tone which we never heard surpassed. Mdlle. Titiens then sang "Let the Bright Seraphim," which was loudly redemanded, owing in no small measure to a very clever double cadenza for the voice and trumpet, introduced at the close. The chorus, "Let their celestial concerts all unite," followed this display. This is one of those choruses in which Handel reigns supreme. Massive, simple and clear, it is admirably suited for such a building as the Crystal Palace. Every point was taken up with unerring precision, and the effect was as near perfection as could be desired. The defiant song of the giant Harapha concluded the selection from *Samson*. Few songs by any composer so well express scorn and contempt, and all the expression of which the song was capable was given to it by Signor Belletti, whose phrasing and delivery of Handel's music is decidedly the best that can now be heard; but, indeed, all the singers on Wednesday seemed to be at their best. Witness Mr. Sims Reeves, who gave most admirably "Sound an Alarm," which, with the choruses, "O Father," and "We hear, we hear," formed the selection from *Judas Maccabæus*. Mr. Reeves delivered the War Song with such tremendous energy as once or twice to injure his intonation; but he so carried his audience with him that they had no time to linger upon such defects, and would willingly have had the song again. The burst of drums and trumpets, supported by the whole orchestra in answer to the voice, was just one of those magnificent effects which can hardly be obtained anywhere else than at Sydenham. The chorus "We hear," created the greatest enthusiasm. The chords upon the words "for laws," "religion," thundered out with the nicest precision, also produced an astonishing effect. Two pieces from *Saul* were next given—"The Dead March," and the magnificent chorus, "Envy, eldest born of hell." With the Dead March we were somewhat disappointed. We had anticipated something much more grand from so large an orchestra than was obtained, and yet it is difficult, remembering how very well the band played in other pieces, to say where the fault lay. Certainly we have been more impressed with this, the most expressive of all funeral marches, when played on the organ in a small country church. The chorus was, however, quite one of the gems of the day. The sublime passage "Hide thee in the blackest night," with its grand modulations, was given in a manner impossible to surpass. The performance of this piece alone was worth a visit to Sydenham to hear. The last piece in the first part was taken from *St. Cecilia's Day*, and was highly interesting from the rare opportunities there are of hearing even a fragment of any of Handel's works which have not

caught the public ear. Out of nineteen Oratorios, not more than seven or eight are at all generally known; and of these seven or eight three or four are performed at very long intervals. The solo and chorus "As from the power of sacred lays" is a solemn weighty introduction to a very elaborate and long allegro movement, "The dead shall live." We missed Clara Novello's ringing notes in the solo, especially as Mdlle. Titiens seemed tired. Her voice, indeed, both on Monday and Wednesday, appeared fatigued, and her notes were often wanting in that clear ring which is their greatest charm. In this solo she was unable to sustain the upper A with which it closes, while the trumpet ascends the scale through four bars to the same note. This chorus, however, appeals rather to the technical musician than to the general lovers of music; and although constructed in a masterly manner, well repaying a careful study, it is not altogether free from an imputation of dulness which with its great length prevented its making much impression. It was, however, very well sung.

The second part opened with a chorus, also from an almost unknown work of Handel, *Hercules*, which when composed was announced as "a musical drama," but was engraved under the title of "an Oratorio;" although what connexion Hercules could have with the modern notion of an Oratorio, it is difficult to imagine. The chorus, however, which was given on Wednesday, made every one desire to hear more of the whole work. The latter portion, where it enters the minor on the words "Horrid forms," is delicious. The chorus sang this rather difficult passage with unerring precision, and nothing could be finer than the gradual diminuendo conducted through the last eight bars, down almost to a whisper on the words "is no more." "Revenge Timotheus cries," from *Alexander's Feast*, succeeded, which Signor Belletti declaimed in a manner he had prepared us to expect from his singing of the air from *Samson*. The very difficult slow movement, with its awkward intervals, was given with the purest intonation, although the orchestra did not afford him all the assistance it might have done. The "Nightingale" chorus from *Solomon* succeeded, and won an encore. It was extremely well done the second time—the piano passages being then deliciously given, which was not quite the case at the first attempt. Two solos from *Acis and Galatea*, with the wonderful chorus "Wretched lovers," and "Haste thee, nymph," from *L'Allegro*, completed the second part. Madame Sherrington sang "Ye pretty warbling choir" extremely well; but we felt inclined to take exception to the length of time during which she held the opening note. The piccolo obligato by Mr. De Folly was exquisitely played. But the solo of the day was unquestionably "Love in her eyes." Rarely, if ever, has Mr. Reeves sung this most exquisite of love songs more chastely and beautifully. We were fortunately rather near, but we hope that it could have been heard by every one in the building, as it is but at rare intervals that any one can hope for such a reading of this song as Mr. Reeves gave on Wednesday. The early part of the chorus of "Wretched lovers" was somewhat unsteady, but the marvellous descriptive passage "See what ample strides," was all that could be wished. The staccato was perfect, and gave so completely the intention of the composer that we fancied we saw the jealous monster descending the mountain as the music went on. Not so successful was the last chorus, although equally well-known. The solo is not adapted to Mr. Weiss's capabilities, and the semiquavers in the chorus were often heard in a confused heap.

REVIEWS.

PAUL LOUIS COURIER.*

THE reader who opens the standard edition of the works of Paul Louis Courier will find that it is illustrated at its outset by a large ink blot. If he does not know the story of Courier's life he may feel some natural surprise, and his surprise would be increased if he were told that to the original blot, of which he sees the facsimile, Courier owed indirectly his reputation. As his biography has been written by Armand Carrel it is worth reading for its mere style, and still more for the interest attaching to so strange a history. Paul Louis, who, like Rousseau, is generally mentioned in French without his surname, is one of the French writers of this century best worth studying, and his most famous works are so short that to study them costs little effort. For pungent wit, for nervous language, for incisive satire, his countrymen, who can judge better of such matters than we can, think the pamphlets of Paul Louis the only things that the French genius has produced of the same degree and kind of merit as the *Lettres Provinciales*. But we imagine that they are not familiar to many English readers. The name of Paul Louis crosses us in reading French books, but in a hazy indistinct way. Every now and then we come upon a quotation from his works which shows the pith and terseness of his style; but the readers who know the context of the quotation are, we suspect, very few. And yet few French works are more delightful reading, or throw more light on the state of French society during the ten melancholy years that followed the Restoration of 1815. All that is wanted to enable us to enjoy them easily is to know from the pages of Armand Carrel the story of his life, that we may understand under what circumstances these celebrated pamphlets were written. When we

* *Œuvres complètes de P. L. Courier*, Nouvelle Edition. Paris: Didot.

once know that, the pamphlets will be found singularly free from unintelligible allusions.

Paul Louis Courier was born at Paris in 1773, so that, when the Revolutionary war broke out, he was just old enough to take part in the fighting. He joined the army of the Rhine, and remained in it as a subaltern officer of artillery until 1795, when his father died, and, preferring filial to military duty, he quitted his post without leave in order to console his mother. Piety to a mother is the one virtue which in France redeems every fault. Still he had to lie hid for some time, and it was only by the efforts of powerful friends that he was restored to his rank at the commencement of the war in Italy. Unlike most of his countrymen, he was profoundly afflicted at the misery of a country which he revered as the parent of modern civilization, and he was shocked at the brutal license in which the conquering soldiery were permitted to indulge. He withdrew as much as possible from military society and military duties, and he devoted himself passionately to the study of a few classical authors, in whose works he had taken an interest from boyhood. So engrossed was he by his studies, that when Rome was evacuated he stayed there behind the retreating army, and very nearly paid with his life the penalty of his rashness. When he returned to Paris, on peace being proclaimed, he gave himself up wholly to the society of a few congenial friends, and kept aloof from all the avenues that might easily have led him to military promotion. Nevertheless, on war again breaking out, he was again despatched to Italy in command of a squadron of horse artillery. There he stayed several years, and poured out in his letters to his friends all the bitterness of soul with which the sight of the sham courtiers of the Imperial reign and the sufferings of the conquered countries filled him. In 1808 he resigned his commission, but a sudden access of military ardour or curiosity prompted him to wish to see one of Napoleon's great operations, and he was present at some of the frightful sacrifices of life which marked the campaign of Wagram. This finally disgusted him with military life, and he went to Italy to live there as a student. He had an especial taste for the writers of Greek narrative, and one of the tasks to which he applied himself was a translation of the *Pastorals* of Longus. It happened that in all the then existing editions there was in one passage a lacuna, and a manuscript at Florence contained the missing words. He translated them, and by some mischance spilt a great blot of ink exactly over the very words in the manuscript which constituted its peculiar value. The literary people of Florence immediately started the notion that he had done this purposely, in order that he might be the only man who knew what these precious words of Longus were. In reply, he drew up a pamphlet, under the title of *A Letter to M. Renouard*, in which he gave vent to all the indignation with which this accusation inspired him. That letter revealed to him and to the world the peculiar powers with which he was gifted. He was recognised as having such a turn for biting satire, for plain speaking, and for telling phrases, as Frenchmen had not had the pleasure of seeing among them for many years; and when he was again settled in France, and the Restoration brought with it scenes and doings that stirred his bile, he was quite ready to use the arms for the employment of which he had so great a natural aptitude.

He soon found an opportunity. He had a small property in Touraine, and there he had settled. The mode in which the people of his neighbourhood were plundered and insulted, the silly insolence of the returned emigrants, and the persecutions directed against those who had so much as given shelter to one of the fugitives from Waterloo, aroused him into an indignation which he sought to relieve in writing. He published an address or Petition to the Two Chambers, in which he depicted the horrors he witnessed, and expressed the feelings they awakened. It was very short, but it was very telling. What was going on in Touraine was going on in most parts of France, and all those who saw or underwent the general suffering were delighted at this spirited exposure of the wrongs of the country. He was even welcome to some of the Ministers. Decazes, then Minister of Police, was opposed to the extreme reactionist party, and thought he saw in Courier a useful ally. But Courier had no notion of being a party pamphleteer. He wished to live his simple life in the country and launch his thunderbolts only when he pleased. In 1820 he published a short series of letters to the *Conseil*, in which he discourses on the things of the day that happened most to occupy him, and in 1821 he wrote that production of his pen which first made his whole weight felt by those in power, the *Simple Discourse of Paul Louis*. It was written on the occasion of a proposal being made to purchase Chambord for the Duke of Bordeaux—an arrangement which Paul Louis pronounced bad "for him, for us, and for Chambord." It is a fierce invective against the crimes and follies of the old régime, and a gallant exposure of the audacity with which a court job was spoken of in official quarters as a testimony of the love and gratitude of the nation. The officials made Courier feel the weight of their resentment. He was imprisoned for two months, and on the day of his release he was again tried for another pamphlet he had published, called a *Petition on behalf of Villagers prevented from Dancing*. This is one of the most amusing of his writings. The ultra-clerical party were then trying to effect a great moral reform in France after their own pattern, and one of the favourite devices of the more zealous curés was to stop the village dancing. This was an invasion of social happiness, and the invaders were priests. Courier, a military aviant of the Republican times, was down on them with the keenest delight. He was answered as

priests and their friends are apt to answer enemies—by every kind of indirect and calumnious retort. In 1823 and 1824, he issued, although without his name, two *Answers to the Anonymous Letters addressed to Paul Louis Courier*, in which he draws a picture of the temptations and frailties of the priests themselves, with that vivacity and relish which the subject seems always to inspire in those who care to take it up.

One or two slighter pieces followed, the names of which are scarcely worth giving, and then came the *Pamphlet des Pamphlets*, which Armand Carrel pronounces the finest of his compositions. Even a foreigner can see that there is very little in French up to its mark. It is a brilliant defence of pamphleteering. He says at the opening that not only police-officials but respectable, quiet, friendly people looked on him with horror, because he was a pamphleteer. When he was tried, the opposing counsel had merely to utter the words *vil pamphletaire*, and instantly all the court, judge, jury, and audience were turned against him as if he were infecting them with the plague. He asks what a pamphlet is, and says it is nothing more than a short essay on a subject of the day. The people who object to it would make no objection if the same ideas were expressed in a large volume. Five or six hundred pages would render everything scientific and safe. But a man who writes what he thinks in sixteen pages is sure to disseminate poison. Whatever I write, exclaims Paul Louis, is said to be "poison." This figurative language, based on nothing and meaning nothing, but having a strange power to hurt by the mere force of being applied, meets him at every side. Fervently, though to English ears profanely, he cries out, "Jésus, mon Sauveur, sauvez-nous de la métaphore!" English readers will be amused at recollecting how cordially Bentham would have joined in the supplication, or at least in the general wish. These pamphlets are substantially the sort of writings, he continues, that have really affected society. It is because men have dared to say the truth boldly and shortly that they have convinced the world. Pascal's *Lettres Provinciales* were nothing but pamphlets—so were the written orations of Cicero—so were the epistles of the Christian Fathers. A man who thinks and feels strongly on public matters has generally only one thing to say at a time, and can generally manage to say it shortly. All that he adds is surplusage, and the reason why so many people wish the surplusage to be added is that the little stinging truth which would tell if stated shortly, is lost in a heap of irrelevant matter. "A grain of acetate of morphine, if in a barrel, is lost; if in a cup, produces sickness; if in a spoon, causes death—*et voilà le pamphlet*."

This was the last of his works. On the 20th of April, 1825, he was shot at a few paces distance from his own threshold, and died on the spot. Who the assassin was, justice failed to discover. All that ever transpired was, that he had been on bad terms with some of his country neighbours, and that he himself had a strong presentiment that some day the priests would be the death of him. No clue to his murder was ever found; and there was apparently no revengeful neighbour, and no priest on whom suspicion rested. Curiously, the last words of his last publication seem to have been written under a strong impression that he might soon pass away; although, when he wrote the *Pamphlet des Pamphlets*, he could not possibly foresee that he would be shot in the April of the next year. He consoles himself by saying that, whether he confronts those who dislike his pamphlet, or not, truth will in the long run prevail. He is only "like the fly on the coach, which would roll on even if he left off buzzing." The coach certainly rolls on without the buzzing of any one man seeming to make much difference; but Paul Louis buzzed to some purpose in his day. He was not a great man, or a great thinker. He was essentially what the French call a *frondeur*. He could see the bad points in his adversaries, and not the good; he could quarrel and blame, but was utterly incapable of saying what, under given circumstances, ought to be done. The whole history of his life is that of a wayward, retiring, splenetic man. He was one of those people who manage continually to get trampled on, and are so delighted with the grievance that it is really almost a favour to them. But it happened that, in the times when he wrote, the grievances under which he suffered were grievances that required exposure. Satire was needed, if ever it was needed, to put down the follies and vices and blind fury of a Government in which men returned from exile, with every feeling of pride intensified, thirsting for revenge and recompense, and absolutely ignorant of France, ruled everything under the advice and guidance of a legion of busy fanatical scheming priests. Paul Louis lashed these men with a rod of iron, and it was an excellent thing they should be lashed. He did his work in his day; and now that his doings, and those of his adversaries, are alike sunk into that dreamy region of recent history which is so like utter oblivion, he has left us pieces of French to read, which for amusement, force, and point, have scarcely any rival.

DURHAM WILLS AND INVENTORIES.*

THE first thought which this book suggested to us was, what an admirable companion it would be to Mr. Parker's *History of Domestic Architecture*, if he could only be made, as he ought to be made, to go on with his subject at least down to the middle of the seventeenth century. The book illustrates a great many other subjects besides, and that particular one might not be the first to

* *Wills and Inventories from the Registry at Durham*. Part II. Published for the Surtees Society. Durham: Andrews.

strike a Durham reader; but a slight glance over the Inventories at once showed us their special value as illustrating the arrangements and furniture of houses. And indeed, as these Wills and Inventories range from 1563 to 1599, most of the houses described must have been of strictly mediæval erection, for we cannot suppose that all, or most, of the testators were living in newly-built dwellings. Thus they throw light not only on Elizabethan, but on earlier architecture, and so come directly within the range of Mr. Parker's subject, even as it stands. Of course, it would be needful to compare these Durham Wills and Inventories with Wills and Inventories from other parts of the kingdom. For the region embraced by this collection, namely the Diocese (not merely the Bishoprick) of Durham, includes those wild border districts of Northumberland where domestic architecture and arrangements, like everything else, doubtless lagged far behind those of other parts of the kingdom. You cannot argue from the house of a Northumbrian gentleman or yeoman to the house of a gentleman or yeoman who lived in no fear of having his house besieged or his cattle driven off by an inroad of Scottish marauders. But these very local differences have their own value. Mr. Parker's own work shows us that, long after a manor-house in most counties had become a purely peaceful structure, a manor-house on the border was still a strong tower, ready to offer a stout resistance to enemies, but made, in the same proportion, uncomfortable to inmates. Mr. Parker has often drawn upon inventories of this kind for information as to architecture and furniture; and there are in this volume so many accounts of houses, the number of rooms in them and the things which those rooms contained, that we could not help having his book in our mind's eye all the time that we were studying these Wills and Inventories from the north country.

In fact, no sort of document gives us a better insight than these into the position, positive and relative, of both families and classes at the time. The information as to family history is mostly of merely local interest. This and other local matters are well illustrated by the editor, Mr. Greenwell. Here and there of course we come to a really historic name, but family history has commonly little interest beyond its own neighbourhood. Among the many names, to us meaningless, on whose history Mr. Greenwell has expended a most praiseworthy amount of research, we were most struck by those of Mitford and Thirlwall, and we were a little disappointed at not finding any Grotes or Finlays as their natural companions. Everybody knows

How the fierce Thirlwalls and Riddleys and
Have set upon Albany Featherstonhaugh.

As there were Mitfords in the same land, we are sorry that the necessities of the rhyme obliged the Thirlwalls to set upon Albany Featherstonhaugh, when in all propriety they should have set upon some one of the doubtless hostile race of Mitford.

But if the history of families is mostly of local interest, the history of classes is of far wider importance. In looking through this collection, we are at once struck with the far higher position, as to wealth and the comforts which flow from wealth, belonging to the commercial class, as compared with the landed proprietors. Setting aside a few noblemen and gentlemen of the very first rank, it is clear that a merchant of Newcastle lived in incomparably greater comfort than an average country gentleman, and even that a tradesman of Durham had much the same advantage over an average yeoman or parish priest. This contrast is doubtless local. Newcastle was a great trading-town; and even Durham was a sort of provincial capital, and the seat of the richest ecclesiastical foundation in England. The citizens of neither place were exposed to border ravages or to the still more senseless feuds between particular families and districts. Richard Wallis of Kirkhaugh tells in his will how James Arstrengre [Armstrong] stole from him "one meer, price 40s. and four kyne, price xx. nobles." Philip Green tells, yet more sadly, how he was dying of the "crewell murder comitted upon him" by five Ogles, a Mylborne, and others, only because he "compared the Dacres bloude to be as goodd as the Ogles." But no Ogles or Armstrongs harried the kine or murdered the citizens of Durham and Newcastle. They flourished and grew rich—perhaps in some degree richer because of the poverty of their rural neighbours. It is no wonder, then, that we find the younger branches of gentle families in these counties betaking themselves to the safer and more profitable pursuits of merchandise in the prosperous town.

A few of the wills belong to persons of more or less historic repute. Perhaps the most interesting is that of the well-known Bernard Gilpin, Rector of Houghton-le-Spring, and called "the Apostle of the North." It is longer than most, as, besides the usual number of small legacies, it contains many bequests and regulations on behalf of the school which had been lately founded by himself and John Heath of Kepier. It was called Kepier School, but, while part of the endowment was Mr. Heath's free gift, part was bought of Mr. Heath, and others by Gilpin himself. Mindful of the fate which, in his own lifetime, had befallen so many monasteries, colleges, and hospitals, he provides what is to become of his gift "if it should fortune the saide schole to be dissolved, whiche God forbid." This was surely superfluous. The King, or his grantee, would ease him of that labour. But in such a case the tithes which he had bought were to be applied to certain good uses in the parish of Houghton, at the discretion of a body described as "the gentlemen, the xxiiij, and the churchwardens"—a constitution on which Mr. Greenwell should surely have given us a note. He also makes considerable bequests of furniture and

materials to his successor, whoever he may be, in the rectory—a practice of which other examples may be found in this volume, but which we fancy is not often followed now-a-days. This is probably one of the differences between a married and an unmarried clergy. He hopes that, in consideration of these bequests, and of the large sums which he has spent on the parsonage, his successor will refrain from asking for dilapidations. If not, "I doubt nothing, but that the reverende father in God, my lorde the bishope of Durham, patrone and giver of this benefice, will perswade him to be content with the reason, and to doe all thinges with charitie, and if charitie maie beare rule, I doubt not but all delapidationes will fall." He bequeaths various sums to the poor of different parishes, and to various friends and kinsfolk. The following are his bequests to his executors, whom, as well as his successor, he specially begs to be mindful of his Kepier school:—

Item I give to the right reverende father in God, Richarde, lorde bishope of Durham, for a simple token of remembrance, three silver spoones, with acornes, and also I give unto him the historie of Paulus Jovius, and also Opuscula Calvini, gathered together into one lardge volume. And also I give unto Mr. John Heathe, esquire, for a like remembrance, other twoe silver spoones, with acornes, of the same sort and weight, and also I give unto him the historie of John Sleden, in latine, and to his bedfelow, Mistrasse Heathe, I gyve my English cronicke of Fabian. And I gyve to Mr. Richarde Bellasis, esquire, for a like remembrance, other twoe silver spoones, with acornes, of the same weight and fashion, and also I gyve unto him my historie called Novus Orbis.—P. 90.

"Bedfellow" for "wife" occurs in other entries. One item we do not fully understand:—

Item, I give unto Mr. George Gilpin, in consideration of the lease of this personage, which he should have had, if God call me before he have it and enjoy it, 16*l*.

In an ordinary man we should suspect in this some transaction for the benefit of a kinsman at the expense of his successor, such as has before now impoverished many a living and bishoprick. But in so good a man as Gilpin this is not to be thought of.

Gilpin, like many other testators, makes a confession of faith, though his is shorter than some. We do not see what Mr. Greenwell means by his comment—"Gilpin had been a convert from Roman Catholicism." Surely he was a convert in no other sense than all the conforming clergy and laity of England were converts. Undoubtedly he brought himself under suspicion in Mary's reign, but, as he was actually rector of Houghton-le-Spring at the time, he must have been in the habit of saying mass. Elizabeth's accession freed him from danger. He conformed, like most of his brethren, to her ecclesiastical changes, and probably did so more willingly than many of them. But this hardly makes a man a "convert" in the common sense of the word. We are so accustomed to think of Papists and Protestants as two distinct bodies, a removal from one to the other of which is strictly "conversion," that we find it hard to realize the position of Englishmen in the middle of the sixteenth century. The two systems then did not appear as two rival churches, but simply as varieties of form which, according to the will of those in authority, might prevail at different times in the same church. Doubtless every man who was not utterly careless preferred one to the other, but those who thought it their duty to suffer for either were but few. The majority even of very good men, though they preferred one sort of worship to the other, thought it no sin to take a part in whichever was prescribed at the time. In fact, the difference was much like that between High Church and Low Church at this moment. It is clear that our existing formularies are not what either High Church or Low Church would dictate, if either party had things exactly its own way. Yet both parties contrive to use these formularies, and we doubt not that both of them do it with a good conscience. And we fancy that a larger party than either does not see the difficulties at all, and has no occasion to consult its conscience about the matter.

Other signs of religious differences appear in different wills. Of two strong Protestants, James Pilkington, Bishop, and William Whittingham, Dean, of Durham, the Bishop hopes to be buried with "as few Popish ceremonies as may be," and the Dean returns thanks "that God hath called him from the blindness of idolatry and superstition." There is nothing of this controversial tone in the simple piety of Bernard Gilpin. Others of less note make professions of faith, decidedly Protestant, but not waxing so wroth against the other side; only John Burrell, of Headlam, "believes, as he finds it written in the Scriptures, of God, canonical"—a form of words clearly meant as a blow to the Apocryphal books. On the other hand, Richard Marshall, of Durham, Notary Public, and Registrar to the Dean and Chapter, was plainly attached to the old state of things. He leaves—

To Mr. Thomas Watson, doctor of divinitie, some time Busshope of Lincoln, one old ryall of gould, and I requier him and all Christiane people, to pray for me.

This Dr. Watson was one of the Bishops deprived by Elizabeth. He had formerly been Dean of Durham, which accounts for the Durham notary's friendship for him. So Richard Hodshone, or Hodgson, Alderman of Newcastle, "a rank Papist," ventures to say in his will, dated 1581, "I bequeathe my sowle to Almighty God [and to all the blessed compagne of Heaven];" but we find from a note that the sentence within brackets is struck out. Another Hodshon, William, brother of Alderman Richard, though "a special recusant" and a "perilous fellow," ventures on nothing of the sort, but, as if to prove his orthodoxy, leaves several sums for the repair of churches and chapels. In Bishop Pilkington's will there are one or two other things worth notice. Mrs.

Pilkington appears there as "Alice Kingsmill, now my knowne wif." His marriage had been for some time kept secret, the marriage of the clergy being, as it should always be remembered, barely connived at, and never legalized, all through Elizabeth's reign. The Virgin Queen had a special dislike to married bishops, and seems to have greatly enjoyed snubbing their wives. Pilkington also, like Gilpin, makes some bequests of furniture to his successor, but he makes it a positive condition that he shall not sue for dilapidations. He adds, "If any of these howses be taken or given from him, I will that the stuffe in yt remaine to my executors." This, of course, alludes to the likelihood that the Queen would, on the vacancy, as indeed an Act of Parliament allowed her to do, seize on some of these houses and manors, and give the See impropriate tithes instead. But the Act did not go so far as to authorize her Majesty to seize the "stuffe," which was, of course, the personal property of the deceased bishop.

Many of the bequests seem odd, according to our present notions. People seem to have then thought it their duty to leave some token, however small, to every friend or kinsman they had. Sometimes it is an ox, sometimes a horse, sometimes an ewe and lamb—often small sums of money—very often what seem to have been old or curious pieces of foreign coin, as a "duckett," a French crown, and very often "a riall," or "an old riall." Bequests to servants are constant. One made by the "perilous fellow" William Hodshon, is curious, and shows that he must have been a kind-hearted fellow nevertheless:—

To one layme Genye, my kitchinge mayde, a new coat, mayde with lynings, and all redde to put on her bodye, and I will, that the same layme Genye shall have 3s. 4d., as well as anye servant in my house, and I desyre my sonne John, that she may remayne aboute his house at Manner house, and John Awde withall, so longe as theye do lyve; also to my servant, Margarete Forrest, one whey strike.—P. 235.

There is an inventory of the goods of William Massie, Vicar of Stanton, all of which reach only to 11l. 11s. 9d. — no great sum, even with the then value of money. Have had one little feather-bed, one mattress, one pair of old blankets, one old long gown, which had been turned, two cokes, old and overworn, three pair of old breeches, one old jerkin and hat. But he was not wholly without learning, though his books were "for the most parte torne or yll bounde." For he owned

One Hille Lattyn Byble 2s. 6d. Beza his Testament, in Latten, 18d. Jerome's Epistles 20d. One Exposition of the Evangelistes 20d. A booke in Lattin of Questions and Answers 12d. Faber Stapulensis on Aristotle's Physikes and Ethikes 20d. Valle his Elagancies 6d. Hortus Vocabulorum, rent, 4d. Cyprian's Epistles, 12d. John Bale his Votaries 6d. A booke of doubtful wordes, made by John de Garlandia, 4d. Tullye's Offices 4d. Aesop's Fables 4d. Seaton's Lodgick, 4d. An English Dictionary, for children, in vellum, 6d.—P. 312.

Altogether this volume, like one we reviewed a little time back, fully keeps up the character of the Surtees Society.

LIFE IN THE FORESTS OF THE FAR EAST.*

IF Mr. St. John had no other object than to draw a series of pictures of Bornean life, the fluent and gossiping style in which he writes would be a great merit. These volumes exhibit both intelligent observation and practical common sense. They contain a great deal of curious and interesting information, and yet we rise from a perusal of them with something like disappointment. Considering that they represent a twelve years' study of Bornean character and institutions, we own to having expected a more exhaustive and statistical account of that portion of the island to which their author had access—an account more in the nature, though, of course, with less of the completeness, of Sir Emerson Tennent's admirable work on Ceylon. This, we are convinced, is the kind of work which the interests of the island, and Sarawak in particular, require—not an *olla podrida* of journal and note-book, however full of novelty. No amount of picturesque description will attract capital, or promote the development of trade. Even a book of travel or adventure is as capable of orderly arrangement as one of weightier calibre; and, regarded as such merely, Mr. St. John's narrative appears to us awkwardly and inartistically put together. It is throughout discursive and desultory. He is constantly breaking its thread to indulge in some episode, or dash away to some other topic. To take one instance only—he begins, we observe, by an account of the Dayak tribes, in which it may be presumed that his mature experience of that race is embodied. Having completed, to all appearance, that part of his subject, he proceeds to relate his two ascents of Kina Balu, and his wanderings in the interior of Borneo Proper. Then, towards the end of his second volume, he returns to Sarawak again, for the purpose of giving his readers the substance of certain notes made at his first visit to that place, with the singular observation "that they are more likely to present a true picture than any written subsequently." A minor fault which Mr. St. John commits is that of supposing that personages well known in Bornean politics are equally familiar to the British public. Every now and then he alludes to some person evidently playing an important part in the island, but of whom an outsider can know nothing. A little more care would have removed this and other traces of hasty composition. We cannot but think that a justifiable confidence in the interesting nature of his materials has rendered Mr. St. John, in the execution of his literary task, somewhat too indifferent to orderly arrangement and careful finish.

* *Life in the Forests of the Far East.* By Spencer St. John, F.R.G.S., F.E.S. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co. 1862.

The greatest point of contrast which Borneo presents to the organized States of Europe is the utter absence of national life or sentiment. There is nothing to be properly called a nation. The island is broken up into a variety of tribes, all differing from each other more or less in appearance, habits, dialect, and superstitions. Community of feeling, or interests, there is none. There is no amalgamating force at work—nothing to weld the heterogeneous atoms into a compact mass. That which is the life and soul of western civilization—the power of combination—is wholly wanting. It is a striking proof of this, as well as of the love of adventure so characteristic of the Englishman, that a white man should be able with a few followers to penetrate into the interior of the country with little risk of attack, or even opposition from natives whom a little organization might convert into a dangerous foe. Upon one occasion only, in his ascent of Kina Balu, was Mr. St. John threatened with any resistance on their part, and this was soon dissipated by the promptitude with which he exhibited his revolver. There is little intercourse or traffic between one tribe and another, partly because the chiefs have succeeded in monopolizing what little there is, and partly because the insecurity of property is such that the inhabitants will not be at the pains of sowing what another would probably reap. The Malay government at Brunei is a mere phantom authority, in the last stage of decrepitude, unable or unwilling to adopt the only measures that would raise or improve the condition of the country. Instead of affording protection to its subjects, it destroys by its unrelenting rapacity the very springs of industry. There are no fixed impositions, but the aborigines suffer from arbitrary exactions which are carried to such a pitch that they are yearly planting less and less, and trusting to the jungle for a subsistence. Crime is unpunished if committed by the relative or follower of a noble. The government has no armed force capable of commanding respect. It has no war-boats, or police; and, to quote Mr. St. John's words, is "one of the most contemptible semblances of power that ever existed." There are two influences to which Mr. St. John would seem to look for arresting the decay of trade, and developing the resources of the island. The first is Chinese immigration. Mr. St. John writes with that respect for the Celestials which characterizes all who have had personal experience of them as colonists. In their own country, they do not appear to advantage, while in England an idea of the ludicrous is inseparably connected with their pigtails. No one can judge of the consuming power of the Chinese abroad by the Chinese in their own country. "Abroad," says Mr. St. John, "he clothes himself in English cloth, he uses English iron, he sometimes takes to our crockery; he, when well off, drinks our beer, and is especially partial to our biscuits. He does nothing in a niggardly spirit, but, as I have said, is liberal in his household." Another valuable characteristic of the Chinese is that they have no difficulty in amalgamating with the natives, and to a certain extent can always obtain wives—Borneo, like England, appearing to possess a redundant female population. Immigration from China is no novelty. A great deal of intercourse was formerly carried on between the Chinese empire and the northern part of Borneo. Many of the names of places—among others that of the great mountain itself—indicate a reference to China. The superior agriculture observable in the north-east of the island is attributed to the fact that these districts were in old times extensively occupied by Chinese, and constituted, according to tradition, a Chinese Empire across seas. If this intercourse is ever to revive on a large scale, it will be by the establishment in Brunei of a government strong enough to afford protection to planters and traders. This is the secret of the prosperity of Sarawak. The knowledge that there justice is equally and impartially administered, is attracting the Chinese in numbers which, even after the insurrection of 1857, Mr. St. John does not seem to consider dangerous.

The second influence in improving the condition of the people is the spread of Christianity. Mr. St. John speaks of this subject principally in connexion with Sarawak. He seems to regard it chiefly as a question of dynamics. His point of view is probably not exactly that of the religious societies; but he fully recognises the importance of Christianity as an engine for effecting a great result. Nothing but it, he says, can alter the real condition of the people, or turn their minds in a new direction and free them from practices and habits which keep the country—not in spiritual darkness—but "poor and undeveloped." A few thousand Christian Dayaks would be—not a monument of Gospel truth—but a source of strength to the Sarawak government, and "the mainstay of the Europeans." Confidence in the power of a government to maintain order and protect property means the development of trade. To consider Christianity as an instrument for material advancement may seem to some to be taking a low and utilitarian view of its divine mission. But we are disposed to think, that in Borneo, at all events, this is the aspect in which it is likely to attract most converts. In any case, it is necessary to proceed with great caution, and Sir James Brooke has shown wisdom in treating with great tenderness the prejudices of his subjects—Dayak and Malay. We regret to hear from Mr. St. John that the Protestant mission is a comparative failure. It should have its head-quarters, he asserts, up the country, among the Dayaks, and not at the capital, and each missionary should have a specific district allotted him. Influence in the East depends on personal character, and is only to be obtained by long and familiar intercourse with the native tribes.

The account of the social life of the Dayaks is very interesting. One of its chief features is the village-house or common abode of

the tribe, with its long verandah or public room, and its separate apartments for the married people, the young girls, and the children. The Sea Dayaks are sociable, and fond of their children, especially when males. Their customs and ceremonies are very quaint. Marriages are celebrated by an exchange of cigars between the bride and bridegroom, and the sacrifice of two fowls, from the blood of which the priest foretells the happiness or misery of the newly married. As a general rule, the husband becomes one of his wife's family, and lives with and works for her parents. Divorces are of constant occurrence among both Land and Sea Dayaks, whose marriages can be dissolved almost at pleasure. In Western Sarawak the custom of burning the dead is universal. Sorrow for the departed takes the unsentimental form of head-hunting. After the death of a relative, the Sea Dayak seeks for the heads of enemies, and until one is brought in he considers himself in mourning, and will wear no fine clothes, and strike no gongs. This thirst for heads is very strong in the Dayak. The possession of a goodly number is in his eyes a mark of prowess and importance. How many heads did your grandfather get? is a common question, and one which indicates how family distinction is measured. Each village has its head-house, in which the ghastly trophies are stored, and which is frequented by bachelors and boys alone. At every fresh addition a head-feast takes place. The influence of this is supposed to be highly beneficial. It makes the rice grow well, causes the forest to abound with wild animals, enables the dogs and snares to be successful in securing game, makes the streams swarm with fish, gives health and activity to the men and fertility to the women. When so many blessings may be got by a feast to a fresh head, it is not surprising that it wants a great effort on the part of the Sarawak government to put down the barbarous habit out of which it arises. The Dayaks are very superstitious. Although they have a hazy belief in one Supreme Being, their worship is limited to certain ceremonies in honour of the good and evil spirits who dispense blessing or injury. Sickness, misfortune, and death are the direct work of evil spirits. They do not call the small-pox by its name, but are in the habit of saying, "has he yet left you?" Omens determine almost every action. It is unlucky to hear the cry of a deer. A newly-married couple hearing such a cry in the days of the honeymoon will at once obtain a divorce. There are certain animals, as the cobra and owl, which they will not intentionally kill, and certain flesh which they object to eat, actuated, however, by sanatory or prudential, and not religious considerations. Their notion seems to be that by eating the flesh of an animal its qualities are liable to be communicated. Thus, the young men and warriors among the Land Dayaks are debarred from eating venison for fear it should render them as timid as the deer. The principal sacrifice consists in killing a pig, and examining its heart, from which future events may be with certainty foretold. Besides serving the double purpose of augury and propitiation, the slaughter of a pig appears indispensable to the performance of any solemn or important act. There are many ceremonies connected with the rice crops. Feasts are held for the purpose of securing the soul of the rice, and for striking terror into its assailant, the rat, and for charming back the colour to the plant. It is curious to find among the Dayaks something like the old Saxon ordeals. Where a quarrel occurs which cannot be otherwise settled, the disputants are taken to a deep pool, and standing up to their necks in water plunge their heads below the surface; and the first that rises loses the case. Or two wax tapers of equal length are prepared and lighted, and the owner of the one that is first burnt out is cast in his suit. In speaking of the morals of the Dayaks, Mr. St. John's language is very confused and contradictory. It would seem from his account that it is not so much unchastity as its natural consequences to which a stigma attaches. If adultery be less common than might be expected, it is probably because the facilities for divorce are so unbounded. At any rate, Dayak morality is thought by Mr. St. John superior to that of the Malays. Brunei he calls one of the most immoral cities in the world. In the Dayak territory, as well as in that of the Kayans, a tribe lying to the east of them, there are caverns in which the edible birds'-nests are found. Among the latter people, Mr. St. John took part in a nasty ceremony, in which two persons, desirous of becoming brothers, mutually imbibe or inhale, in the form of a cigarette, each other's blood. The following is his description of the scene:—

Stripping my left arm, Kun Lia took a piece of wood, shaped like a knife blade, and, slightly piercing the skin, brought blood to the surface; this he carefully scraped off; then one of my Malays drew blood in the same way from Singauding, and, a small cigarette being produced, the blood was spread on the tobacco. A chief then rose, and, walking to an open place, invoked their god and the spirits of good and evil to be witness of this tie of brotherhood. The cigarette was then lighted, and each of us took several puffs, and the ceremony was concluded. I was glad to find they had chosen the form of inhaling the blood in smoke, as to have swallowed even a drop would have been unpleasant, though the disgust would only arise from imagination.

Mr. St. John twice ascended Kina Balu—no slight enterprise in the annals of mountain-climbing. To ford rivers and walk bare-footed up pebbly ravines with feet festering from leech-bites, requires a good deal of resolution. Even more was needed to check the thievish propensity of the natives, and sustain the fainting spirits of the Malay attendants, whom the cold rendered almost mutinous. The summit of the mountain, upwards of 13,000 feet high, consists of a terrace of granite, free from all vegetation. This is reached by climbing up the almost perpendicular slopes of granite, down which streams of water dash. Nothing can exceed the gorgeous colours of the jungle of rhododendron which lies at the

foot of these slopes. The path lay not only through thickets of scarlet and purple and rose-coloured rhododendron, but often over a carpet of the same plant in infinite variety. The Nepenthes, or curious pitcher-plant, is found in great abundance and splendour. The pitchers, which vary in colour and shape, rest on the ground in a circle. Mr. St. John observed his followers making use of a specimen to carry water, and found that it contained four pints, and was nineteen inches in circumference. In another a rat was found drowned.

In this expedition, as well as those up the Limbang river, Mr. St. John was accompanied by a Chinese boy, Ahtan, who proved himself an expert cook, and to whom he became much attached. The sequel of his story illustrates the mischievous nature of the secret societies which the Chinese seek to introduce into Borneo. On his return to Brunei, he asked permission to attend the secret society established in the capital in 1858.

When he returned (says Mr. St. John) he appeared to have a very hang-dog look, and I noticed he was very busy about my medicine chest. Being much engaged in preparing my letters for the mail, I took no particular notice of his movements, but immediately after dinner, having taken coffee, I felt drowsy, and fell on the sofa, and remained in a stupefied sleep for thirteen hours. On my recovery, Ahtan came with a scared look and said somebody had stolen my heavy iron chest.

Having invoked the aid of the Sultan himself, Mr. St. John elicited a confession from one of the guilty persons, that Ahtan had taken a blacksmith and carpenter to the chest, and they had carried it off. No threats or entreaties would induce the boy himself to speak. He had sworn by the most solemn oath to be faithful to the members of the Society, and would confess nothing. It was broken up by a timely declaration on the part of the Sultan, that he would hold the guild responsible for every crime committed in the capital, and punish accordingly.

LACORDAIRE.*

M. DE MONTALEMBERT'S English connexions, his well-known familiarity with English literature and politics, and the regard in which he is generally held among intelligent Englishmen, must always command attention to anything which he may write. The persecutions to which he has been subjected in his own country, and the restraint under which he speaks there, naturally engage the sympathy of all freemen, and we are glad to give an unusual welcome to utterances which are received with so much jealousy and suspicion in their own land. M. de Montalembert's books have indeed another claim upon us. They differ so widely in their literary style from anything English that they might pass for works of another age as well as of another country. His history of Western Monasticism breathes the spirit of the Middle Ages; but his monograph on Lacordaire reads like a piece of classical biography. In noticing the book before us, we feel ourselves taken out of the sphere of contemporary literature. The theme is one of common human interest, and belongs to all time. It is the old story of a genial human soul struggling in the meshes of a conventional authority which claims from it obedience while it withholds from it its own sympathy—revolting in the very depths of its conscience against the deadening influence of the powers around it, but finally accepting its cruel destiny, and even hugging its chains. We lately reviewed a memoir of the Scotch enthusiast Irving, and the volume before us may be regarded as a fitting pendant to it. The life of Lacordaire is an interesting study in connexion with the life of Irving. In the two men there is a great similarity—the same illogical vehemence of character, the same simplicity and fervent zeal, the same confidence, pugnacity, and self-assertion. Nor was their end unlike, though attended by a striking difference; for both died in early manhood, worn out by toils and austerities—both, apparently, broken-hearted—the one by the open effort to withstand and defy the authorities opposed to him—the other by the secret struggles of a conscience which tried to the last to enforce upon itself an inward as well as an outward obedience. The different results to which men so naturally similar were led by their training and education may give rise to much reflection. The flattery to which the Scotch orator was subjected led him to give the rein to his imagination; and his imagination, like that of his countrymen and his co-religionists generally, wandered into the fields of theological speculation. But once embarked on the realms of air, no human authority could capture or restrain it. When Irving was at last confronted with his Presbytery, it was evident that there was no common ground on which they could contend. We feel that it would have been preposterous and unnatural in the wanderer of the empyrean to descend to earth at the bidding of mere human conventionalisms. The Covenant and the Presbytery were not made to be masters of a spirit like Irving's. No submission on his part could have appeared conscientious and genuine. Rebellion was a necessity of his position. We accept it, in his case, as the law of nature.

In the case of Lacordaire, however, our feeling is very different. The French enthusiast, also, in the fervour of his zeal and the strength of his convictions, soon overstepped the limits imposed by his Church on speculative action. But the convictions of Lacordaire ranged in another sphere from those of Irving. His early training as a postulant for orders had diverted his mind from purely theological speculation. Such trains of thought as his were in little accordance with the men or the circumstances by which he

* *Le Père Lacordaire.* Par le Comte de Montalembert. Paris: 1862.

was surrounded. Such ideas were studiously discouraged by the authorities; for they admit of no compromise, no surrender. But all the passions of the times centred upon political discussion—upon subjects which, however vehement the convictions they may excite, must always admit of argument on either side, of balancing and trimming, of second thoughts and fluctuating persuasions. Nor was Lacordaire an original thinker like Irving. His speculations were not his own. He was swept into the vortex of democratic politics by the still more ardent and vehement Lamennais; and to abjure his political views—to acknowledge that they were ill-timed or impracticable rather than untrue—was, in his case, perhaps, no excessive hardship. Lacordaire's first duty, in his own view, early imbibed and daily insisted upon, was allegiance to the Pope. He had taken the vow of obedience. To act under orders was the symbol of his vocation. Protestants though we are, we can sympathize with this spirit of self-renunciation—this childlike submission to a spiritual father; and when thus required to abjure his cherished notions, and bend his neck in earnest to the yoke imposed upon him by his own act, Lacordaire loses none of his dignity in making the sacrifice. Had Irving succumbed, he would have been lost. He would have forfeited his character for sincerity, or at least for self-respect. A man must go through a peculiar course of training, and put himself in a special position in the face of his fellow-men, before he can affirm, at the bidding of any human authority, that two and two make five, and lose neither his confidence in himself nor the sympathy of his contemporaries.

But the movement of thought into which the Frenchman threw himself was one of far more general and practical interest, combining as it did a political with a religious significance. It is difficult to conceive that Irving really convinced himself that his peculiar notions about the human nature of the Saviour, or about the interpretation of unfulfilled prophecy, could have any definite practical importance in the work of evangelizing the heathen or converting sinners. But Lacordaire commenced his career with the opening of a new era in his Church, and his early views were directed to political schemes which, however dimly their consequences might be described, might easily assume, in the mind of an enthusiast, the broadest proportions. The Revolution of July, 1830, was the breaking-up of a long stagnant depth in the Romish Church. The Popedom had returned to Rome in 1814, stunned and bewildered by the blows democracy had dealt it. With kings for its nursing-fathers, and queens for its nursing-mothers, it had assumed, without one murmur of compromised dignity, the position of a client, or even of a servant, at the foot of earthly thrones. It seemed to have no higher ambition than to secure itself protection by the acknowledgment of its insignificance. The only Catholic movement of the time was that of the Romanists in Ireland, which, after all, was more national than religious, for the acquisition of civil privileges; and in this contest the strength of the Catholic party lay in the actual supineness of their Church, and the popular conviction that it was utterly effete and innocuous. But both here and abroad there was springing up a young generation of Catholic enthusiasts, who chafed under the sense of their Church's inactivity. The Revolution of July moved them not less deeply than it moved the political enthusiasts of the day. The overthrow of the throne of the Bourbons finally snapped the links which, forged anew at the Restoration, had held Church and State together through fifteen years of insecure union. The new chief of the State dared not reunite them. The new party leaders in the Church did not wish them to be reunited. Men like Lamennais, carrying with him the ardent susceptibilities of the Lacordaires and Montalemberts, snatched at the opportunity for fixing the Church, as they hoped, on the basis of the democracy. The *Avenir*, the organ of this zealous brotherhood, declared that the ancient union of the Church and despotism was unnatural and unholy. They claimed the sympathy of the people, into whose arms they were willing to throw themselves. The teaching of the first Revolution had not indeed been wholly lost on the children of the second. They did not quite forget the worse than barbarian hatred of the ignorant masses towards the Church of their fathers; but they fancied, in their generous fanaticism, that the philosophers, the atheists, the voluptuaries, the ruffians, could all be brought into the fold, and transformed, by the mild corrective of spiritual education, into zealous defenders of the faith. They intrigued to seize the potent instrument of national teaching. The Government half believed that they might be successful, and was little disposed to have its subjects converted to a faith which would have made them indocile electors, and placed them under the guidance of other political leaders. The Periers and Guizots required a pledge of good-citizenship—of allegiance, that is, to the principles of July—from those to whom they would intrust the education of the people. The Lacordaires and Montalemberts took high ground, protested that their mission soared far above all political considerations, defied the Government and the laws, and opened their schools to all comers without the licence of the Préfet. Doubtless a great principle was involved in this assertion of liberty of teaching; and it was worthy of the efforts of eloquence that were made in its behalf. The chapter of this book in which M. de Montalembert relates the prosecution of Lacordaire before the Chamber of Peers is worked up to a pitch of great interest; and we can excuse, as truly national, the debating-club style of oratory which seems to have animated the defence. Nevertheless, the English reader is let down rather too abruptly when he is informed that the martyrdom of the saintly teacher, which is compared to that of Socrates and

Leonidas, and which was cheerfully shared with him by his friend and future biographer, amounted, after all, only to the payment of a fine of four pounds.

The success, indeed, of a Government prosecution might be regarded as a triumph rather than a defeat by the sufferer, whose indirect influence, at least, would be increased tenfold by it. It was a sharper trial for Lacordaire when, after long delays and much affected hesitation, the Court of Rome at last decided authoritatively against the principles of the *Avenir* and the democratic fancies of Lamennais, in which the younger preacher was now deeply compromised. The Papacy discreetly determined not to break even with the Government of July, and it enjoined its devotees to withdraw their opposition and renounce their fond idea of shifting the spiritual edifice from the sandy foundation of the Monarchy to the quagmire of the Revolution. It was the great triumph of Lacordaire that he was faithful, at that bitter moment, to his earliest and deepest principles, and, while his leader broke loose from his obedience and rushed with rapid steps into sectarianism and infidelity, calmly abjured his cherished convictions, and bent his reason to his imagination. Through the nearly thirty years of life which remained to him, he never swerved from this decision. His imagination continued to be swayed by the awful figure of the Lord's vicegerent, to whose obedience he had devoted himself by the most solemn vows. If his intellect rebelled, he struggled vigorously and, as far as human eyes could see, successfully against its workings. He detached himself more and more from political aspirations, and narrowed to the smallest sphere the range even of his spiritual teaching. His eloquence in the pulpit was directed, not to moving the conscience, convincing of sin, or expounding the Divine oracles, but to the single task of recalling straying sheep to the Papal fold. Followed and admired by thousands in the great churches of Paris, he sought retirement and self-humiliation in the teaching of a religious seminary in the provinces. Under the transient democratic ebullition of Pio Nono's opening career, he hoped for a freer scope and a wider arena; but these visions were soon clouded. He rose no more above the vulgar level of the national priesthood. He fell in with the current in seeking to make ecclesiastical capital out of the new Emperor's early necessities; and he murmured with no more force or dignity than the rest of his brethren at the merited disappointment of those miserable illusions. The religion of Lacordaire, as of too many of his sacerdotal brethren, was, in fact, merely political. The sworn servant of a temporal sovereign, he looked only to temporal objects. The simple notion of the Scotch Presbyterian, that the mission of the preacher is to save souls, was surely but remotely present to the imagination of the French declaimer. To believe in the Pope, he would have said, if pressed, is the way to save your soul; but belief in the Pope, for its own sake, was the horizon by which his view was ordinarily bounded. So he struggled on to the end, which came indeed prematurely; and his biographer regards his moral triumph as complete. We can hardly think that it was so; and even in this portraiture we seem to ourselves to trace the lines of bitter disappointment with which his countenance was furrowed.

AGNES OF SORRENTO.*

THERE is one chapter of human nature commonly eschewed by those masters of poetical art by whom it has been represented, in other portions, with the greatest delicacy and beauty; and that is the conduct of our fellow-creatures under the influence of what are called *fixed ideas*, and, above all, under the pressure of intensely realized and illimitable spiritual terrors. The mechanism of the mental system is found to make a fairer show when it is actuated by more finite and direct forces—as by personal love, or indignation, or healthy worldly interests, which allow a freer play to all impulses that have in them some elements of organic grace and spontaneity. But there are some writers, and Mrs. Stowe is of the number, whose best success is in the peculiar province to which we at first referred; because her conceptions of man's natural tastes and instincts are most frequently somewhat mean and vulgar, so long as she does not conceive him governed by some acquired doctrinal convictions that have made a profound impression upon him. And this is eminently the case with the principal personages in *Agnes of Sorrento*. If you abstract from them the religious struggles, doubts, perplexities, and panics, and view them for a moment as beings formed for common human love, their most salient characteristics will be found to be a fabulous simplicity in the maiden, and a most consummate effrontery in her admirer. Yet the authoress hardly seems to think her personages lowered by traits like these, which serve chiefly to relieve the over-seriousness of other parts of the work with a little harmless grotesque. She is but economising her players by combining the parts of the hero and the buffoon. A rough outline of her story will confirm this statement.

A young Roman nobleman of the fifteenth century is struck with the appearance of a girl who is selling oranges at Sorrento, and telling her beads at sunset with an air of rapt devotion. He throws her a piece of gold, and "takes his change" in a kiss. Her grandmother, Elsie, cries to him to have a care, because the child is vowed to St. Agnes; and thereupon he thrusts on her a diamond ring, bidding her to hang it on the shrine of her

* *Agnes of Sorrento*. By Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, &c. &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1862.

patronesa, and to pray for the donor. She accepts the ring very calmly for this purpose, and promises to comply with the request. "Humph!" observes Agostino afterwards to his boon companion, "she looks like some choice old picture of Our Lady—not a drop of human blood in her. When I kissed her forehead, she looked in my face as grave and innocent as a babe." Presently, he seems smitten with more serious sentiments for her, and returns to serenade her with a half-religious and half-amorous song, ending—

They say thou art so saintly,
Who dare love thee?
Yet bend thine eyelids holy
On me.

Though heaven alone possess thee,
Thou dwell'st above;
Yet heaven, didst thou but know it,
Is love.

We find that he is a reader of Dante, and desirous to interest a fair saint in the welfare of his soul. But the next interviews are entirely forced on Agnes, who is too bent on entering a convent to listen willingly to even the most honourable advances from him; while her grandmother, though cherishing very different hopes for her, is suspicious of the consequences of her speaking to gallants of a superior rank and station. But Agostino excites Agnes's deepest sympathy, and at the same time a panic fear in her of all intercourse with him, by admitting that he has lost the consolations of faith, through circumstances that have made him an outcast from the Church. At other times, he glories in having been excommunicated by such a false Pope as Alexander VI., takes the air of a reformer, and champion of the Church, and avows himself a disciple of Savonarola. Meantime, the confessor of Agnes trains her most carefully to avoid Agostino; and this is a task he performs more the vehemently, if not less conscientiously, because the poor monk himself, despite of his utmost efforts, has fallen most sorely in love with the girl. Her knightly wooer is more favourably judged by her uncle Antonio, an artist monk of Savonarola's convent of San Marco, whose tastes and enthusiasms are described with much zest. Antonio, however, dreads to enter into any explanations with Agnes, lest he should shock her simple faith by a disclosure of the divisions and corruptions of the Church in those times. The knight is less cautious; and as he is at this time leading the life of a brigand, to which condition he has been reduced by the encroachments of Caesar Borgia, he forms a plan for seizing the person of Agnes, and constraining her to listen to his vindication of himself. At this very conjuncture she resolves on a pilgrimage to Rome, in order to pray for her lover, and even with a hope of reconciling him to the Pope; and her confessor accedes to the plan, in order to obtain for himself a respite from his perilous relations to her. She has, in the meanwhile, rejected a humble suitor whom her grandmother recommended to her, and to whom she declares that she has positively vowed to take the veil. She constrains old Elsie to accompany her to Rome; and they are both caught up on the way by the emissaries of Agostino, and carried bodily to his retreat in the Apennines. But Agnes falls into such an agony of terror at beholding him, under the conviction that their marriage can only lead to their common perdition, that he is forced to liberate her, and allows her to proceed to Rome, in hopes that her eyes will be there opened to the corruptions of the Papal Government, and that she will no longer count him a reprobate for being at variance with it. All succeeds as he desires, and he has the satisfaction of rescuing her from an emissary of Caesar Borgia's who would have carried her to the latter's harem. We wonder Elsie does not suspect Agostino of some collusion with this fellow. It is now proved that Agnes is the daughter of a nobleman, by whom her peasant mother has been abandoned, after marriage, at the demand of his own relatives. This history had, indeed, furnished the motive of old Elsie's bringing up her charge in such careful seclusion from the world, though without any design of devoting her to a monastic life. The two females escape from Rome with Agostino; and, in company with Agnes's noble and reconciled kinswoman, the Princess Paulina, they reach Florence just before the execution of Savonarola, which forms the penultimate spectacle of the narrative. Without waiting to mourn for his spiritual guide, Agostino sets the uncle of Agnes to discuss with her the propriety of her obtaining a dispensation from her monastic vows, and bestowing her hand on one who is already master of her affections. The knight breaks in upon the conference, and anticipates the conclusion of the lady with his usual coolness. "And so on the next morning the wedding ceremony took place." The fortunes of the bridegroom will not be followed by many readers with any very serious sympathy; but the tale is interwoven with fine pictures of the religious impressions of various classes of minds in the Italy of the olden times, which give a higher interest to a considerable portion of it. The descriptions of landscape and local manners are also very sweet and genial. The work can scarcely be said to have any claim to the character of an historic novel, the references to real personages being obviously superficial and ornamental. The view taken of Savonarola is decidedly one-sided. He figures only as the martyr of an indignant protest against the corruptions of the Catholic hierarchy, while the subversive and anarchic tendencies of his preaching and government receive no attention. The account of the celebrated trial by fire is a very flimsy one—the extraordinary challenge given by Savonarola's adherent being resolved into a compliance with "an old superstition of the middle ages." In like manner,

the authoress's references to Dante, though somewhat numerous, betray a very partial conception of the tendencies of his works, founded apparently on an almost exclusive study of the *Inferno*. Indeed, a lapse of memory has betrayed Mrs. Stowe into a curious perversion of one of his sonnets. She makes the uncle of Agnes ask, "what saith the blessed poet, Dante, of the beauty of the holy Beatrice?" that it said to every man who looked on her, *Aspire*. Great is the grace, and thou must give special praise therefor." The word in italics should have been *sigh*—in Italian *sospira*, and not *aspira*; but it is remarkable how much Mrs. Stowe's go-ahead amendment—which we would certainly commend to the notice of recent translators if it could stand in the line without a lamentable hiatus (*Che va dicendo all' anima Aspira*)—was needful to suit the imagination of her hero, who is so little daunted by the lofty devotion and the solemn professions of the lady he admires. He could only have found a more explicit and congenial motto, if he had lived three centuries later, in Heine's—

Be no shamefac'd, pining lover;
Court aloud, and hint not wide;
And you'll gain all parties over,
And you'll carry home the bride.

By what sentiments the pair can have remained united after this hasty marriage it is hard to conjecture, and the authoress might perhaps have found it inconvenient to explain. Agnes was at one time moved to be not only the wife of Agostino, but a kind of Pope and saint to him, who might lead him back into the communion of the Church and the paths of piety. He has now obtained her hand by demonstrating to her the extreme ignorance with which he found her beset as to her duties and position towards that very Church; and he has sapped the truth and firmness of her character by leading her to repudiate all the cherished views and purposes of her early life. His reverence for her cannot be otherwise than abated, and he has proved his own levity and instability too clearly to become a guide to whom she can look up with confidence. We fear they became very ordinary persons in one another's eyes, except so far as Agnes, from her monastic education, must have had more than ordinary deficiencies in the household arts and knowledge of the world, on which it might have been expedient for her to fall back, in order to preserve her husband's affection in a more quiet time.

But though we have found the general plan of *Agnes of Sorrento* not a pleasing one, nor yet suggestive of any truly fine ideal of the relations of men and women to each other—and though, moreover, the concluding incidents are not very fully or satisfactorily developed for the curious novel-reader—we must own that a much higher impression of the work might have been formed from a large proportion of beautiful idyllic passages to which the story forms a framework. One of the most agreeable chapters describes a common day of Agnes's youthful life, spent in the convent of her patron saint, to the penetralia of which we are ushered in with the strains of one of the fine old Latin hymns that are so liberally cited and translated in Mrs. Stowe's pages. We find here the visionary-minded and inexperienced Abbess, with the shrewd factotum of the convent, the portress Jocunda—who has been the wife of a soldier, seen some fearful deeds in her time, and acquired a considerable adroitness in worldly affairs, which does not render her less desirous, in a calculating mechanical way, of squaring her accounts with heaven before she dies, and of making, if possible, some atonement for the shortcomings of her whilom husband. Jocunda leads Agnes to her Superior, and Agnes very naively relates all the circumstances of her first interview with Agostino. She adds that he made her promise to pray for him—"she knew that holy virgins never refused their prayers to any one that asked,—and so she followed their example." She admits, upon further pressure, that he may have been mocking her, but observes that in this case he must only need her prayers the more. The Abbess encourages her in this gracious way of thinking by the tale of St. Dorothea, who brought flowers and fruits from Paradise to the young nobleman who had scoffingly asked for such a gift as she was on the road to martyrdom; by which means his conversion was effected. Jocunda remarks sceptically that this happened a long time ago, and that it will not do in these days to set the lamb praying for the wolf. The two soon leave the Abbess, and adjourn to the garden of the convent, where they visit the fountain, turn up a fragment of the tomb of an "old heathen," and continue a lively and natural conversation, which is skillfully made subservient to Mrs. Stowe's object of displaying the moral and intellectual effects of certain articles of faith on the popular mind, and illustrating the callousness and carelessness with which one class of persons take up notions that are to the more susceptible and naturally refined too painful to be pondered. Into these themes we will not follow the authoress, who supports the imaginary dialogue at some length by a statement of her own views, the tenour of which might have been anticipated from her last story of the Puritans in America. But, as a good specimen of the legends which Agnes hears from the good nun, we may distinguish an ingenious variation of the myth of *Ulysses and the Sirens*, which has been travestied after the fashion of the Middle Ages. Perhaps, indeed, there are few novel-readers who will not be reminded by this passage of the clever model for such modernised fables which Sir Walter Scott has given in *Loamhoe*; but many imitations would have been less felicitous. In dealing with the mysteries of the confessional, and the struggles of conscience occasioned by vows of celibacy, Mrs. Stowe has revived topics of which the unreserved handling has

often excited the nausea of the public; but she has herself treated them with all the delicacy and moderation consistent with a serious representation.

CURIOUS THINGS.*

MR. HARGRAVE JENNINGS exhibits in these two volumes the results of twenty years' physical and metaphysical speculation. His claims upon public consideration are that he is the first to revive, or rather to teach to an unbelieving or forgetful generation, the only true philosophy—that of the Cabalists or Rosicrucians. We draw the distinction between reviving and teaching, for Mr. Jennings does not stand alone as the solitary church of the Rosy Cross. He is a prophet, but only one of the adepts, who are more numerous than the world knows of. It is quite possible, we think, that a late Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is great on the Asian mystery, may be, after all, a Rosicrucian hierophant. Mr. Jennings intimates darkly that the secret mysteries of his faith are largely held, though not openly professed. There are still Hermetic Colleges of the Illuminati, though the true faith is in the wilderness. Mr. Jennings alludes "to the guardians of the more recondite and secret philosophical knowledge, of whom, in the societies abroad and at home, there are a greater number, even in these days, than the uninitiate might suppose;" and he trusts "that in no part of the book is there an approach by the author to disclosures which might be considered too little guarded." Let Mr. Jennings take courage, and let his friends, "to whom he is much indebted, Philip James Bailey, the accomplished author of *Festus*, and Captain W. H. Shippard," be reassured. Not the slightest violation of the greater mysteries has been conveyed to our profane mind. We have listened, it is true, to Konx Ompax in these two lengthy volumes. But we are precisely where we began. We have passed through the cave, the cloud, the fire, and the darkness, and the smoke, and the flame-sparks have been about us; but, being only of the profane, the light has only been darkened to us. We own that nobody could read even a dozen pages without an awful sense of a dim and mighty mystery. Mr. Jennings tells us that the light that really lightens the universe is the holy primeval element of fire, the pervading fire, the world's soul, ourselves, God, everything, nothing, soul, matter, thought, power, the world, heaven, hell, time, space, spirit, eternity—Nothingness. We accept the last, and only the last, assertion. The great theosophical, cabalistical mystery of the Rosy Cross we do believe to be Nothingness—absolute Nirvāna, the boundless ocean of matterless—or, as the author expresses it with great truth, senseless—annihilation.

We find that, before Mr. Jennings, no professor of Rosicrucian theosophy has written in England since the days of Robert Fludd or Floyd, or de Fluctibus, as he called himself, who died in 1637, and was an adept. Mr. Godfrey Higgins, who wrote a curious, but not a little absurd, book on the "Celtic Druids," and a Mr. O'Brien, who wrote a rather indecent treatise on the Round Towers of Ireland and their supposed connexion with the Phallic worship, and Sir William Drummond in his once notorious *Edipus Judaicus*, are writers to whom Mr. Jennings declares himself indebted. If any of our readers are acquainted with this sort of literature, they will remember that the method of each is the same. It is closely followed by the present writer, who professes to have discovered a single key to all philosophy and mythology, and to all history, sacred and profane. The process is this—to take from every old religion some particular expression or observance, or rite, or doctrine, but to take only that one which is common to many others; then to argue that this fact, or rite, or doctrine, is the principle, the root, the kernel of truth, and that everything else is only designed to conceal this one cardinal central truth—that the knowledge of this central truth is its mystery, and communicated only to, and preserved by, the saints, the faithful, the initiated, the adepts, or the illuminati—and that all religions meant and mean the same thing, and preserve the same secret knowledge. In the Rosicrucian philosophy this one thing, all-pervading, all-forming, is Fire. All religion comes from the East; and the principle of Oriental religion is the worship of fire; and the essence of Oriental philosophy is the identity of Being with Light or Fire. From fire are all things, and into fire will all things be resolved. Mr. Jennings explains why and how the ancient Guebres and the modern Parsees retain the sublime doctrines of Zoroaster. He informs us that there is an inner religion in Buddhism, which is only Fire Worship; and, through an investigation which, like all others of this nature, is not without its curious analogies, he says that the ancient Celtic worship, the Druidical monuments, and the inner core, not only of Classic religion, but even of Christianity itself, are this same doctrine of Fire. His discovery of Zoroastrianism in Christianity may serve as a specimen of the method of such inquiries. Every phrase which speaks of light—the Inner light—the Light that lighteth every man—the Light of the World—the Baptism by the Holy Ghost and by Fire—is to be taken literally. Anything might be got out of anything by the same process. All that you have to do is to select a single phrase, and see nothing else, and then fire or water, air or sea, would do equally well. Take this, and disregard everything else. Construe all figures, metaphors, or illustrations literally when it suits your purpose—and, *e converso*, say that all

literal assertions have a symbolical meaning—and the case is proved. Mr. Hargrave Jennings might easily enough show that the British Constitution, and all our institutions, are pure Zoroastrianism, if he only quoted the Acts of Parliament which regulate lighthouses and incorporate the gas companies, and if he confined his attention to speakers whose speeches display a fiery eloquence, or to writers and preachers who throw a light on a subject, and to works of illustration generally. A good deal might be said as to the great British, as well as the great Asian, mystery, by treating a general illumination as a national religious observance, and the Electric Light Company might well be considered a college of the highest Magian philosophers.

But let us listen to the Rosicrucian sage. The earliest forms of religion set up monolithic emblems. The obelisk is a representation of the ascending flame. The patriarchs set up stones. In India and throughout the East monoliths are to be found. The Egyptian pyramids are only gigantic fire temples—pyr, i. e. *πῦρ*. All the gods and heroes who descended into hell "may be supposed to be the purgatories of the human Unit (or the God-Illuminati) from the Light (through the God-dark phase of being) back into its native Light." So Balder, Osiris, Hercules, Bacchus, Phœbus, Crishna, Aten, Ashtarothe. "The presence of all these divinities were of the semblance of Fire." Noah, who is the Chinese Foh, carried the tradition of the original Fire to China; its symbol survives in the Pagoda. The Buddhist doctrine is that of the Exhaustion back into the divine light, or Nirvāna, or nothingness, of all the stages of being or of evil; for existence is evil, and therefore sin; while extinction is the Supreme Good, i. e. God. All architectural forms are the symbol of the aspiring creating fire: such are the *acrotorium* of the Greek temple and the pediment of the portico. The spire and cross of Christianity figure the same mystery as the fire temples of the Sikhs, the many-storied spires of the Hindoos, the upright towers of the Parsees, the Italian campaniles, the Mohammedan minarets, the conical pyramids of Central America. St. Paul's itself is to the Illuminati only a fire temple, and carries its emblem in its gilded ball and cross. The first real fire temple was the many-storied Tower of Babel. The last, let us add—and it would have surprised its architect to know what mysterious truths he was preaching—is the tower of St. George's, Bloomsbury, consisting of a graduated pyramid. The pointed arch is only a symbol of the aspiring course of flame. Every stone monument, be it cromlech, cairn, or obelisk, pillar, or shaft, is only a modification of the symbol of fire-worship. Mr. Jennings specifies not only the Irish Round Towers, but Stonehenge, London Stone in Cannon Street, the mystic stone let into the Coronation chair, and even every upright milestone and tombstone, as specimens of the same mystic emblem of the primitive worship of Fire.

Throughout Brittany and Spain these Fire symbols abound. The Fiery Cross of Scotland, the Beltane festivals, the observances on St. John's Eve, Queen Eleanor's crosses, even the Chapelle Ardente, and the lighted tapers of the Christian altar, all bear their witness to the universality of fire worship. The Templars were persecuted and destroyed for their adherence to the one old universal religion, and the abominable rites which they were charged with practising were only the secrets of the Fire-worshippers and the Illuminati. Mr. Jennings intimates that the Knights of Malta still preserve both the Chapter and the mysteries of the ancient faith. Perhaps Mr. Newdegate might do well to question Sir George Bowyer on the subject; and we have no doubt whatever that the grand secrets of Freemasonry, and the lodges of Odd Fellows, have something to do with Cabalism and the Rosicrucians. The White Horse of Kent and Hengist, and of the Berkshire Valley, and the White Horse of Hanover, exhibit, so Mr. Jennings informs us, traces of the same mystery, because the White Horse is the Horse of Light, and the Horse of Light is the Horse of Fire; and the annual cleaning of the White Horse, near Wantage, described by Mr. Thomas Hughes, is after all a great religious act of Fire Worship. We pass over all that is said or hinted by this author of the Lingam and Phallus worship of the East; but it will be new to some of our ecclesiological students to know that the Chapter Houses of all our cathedrals, as well as Helena's Round Church at Jerusalem, were only reproductions of the circular fire temples, ancient instances of which exist at Stonehenge and Abury. In those Chapter Houses, and especially in the Round Templars' Churches, "till the thirteenth century, the secret religion was celebrated far away from the profane vulgar."

We should, however, be doing but scanty justice to Mr. Jennings were we not to give a specimen of himself; for among the curious things on which he discourses, not the least curious is his own style. The following passage, taken almost at random, may be read as a sort of Hymn to Fire by a modern Rosicrucian:—

Note the goings of the Fire as he creepeth, serpentined, riseth, slinketh, broadeneth. Note him reddening, glowing, whitening. Tremble at His face, dilating; at the meaning that is growing, into it, to you. See that spark from the blacksmith's anvil!—struck, as an insect, out of a sky containing a whole cloud of such. Rare locusts, of which Pharaoh, and the Cities of the Plain, read, of old, the secret! One, two, three sparks;—dozens come:—faster and faster the fiery squadrons follow, until, in a short while, a whole possible army of that hungry thing for battle—for food for it—Fire—glances up; but is soon warned in again! Lest acres should glow in the growing advance. Think that this thing is bound as in matter-chains. Think that he is outside of all things, and deep (in the inside) of all things; and that thou, and thy world, are only the thing between; and that outside, and inside are both identical, couldst thou understand the supernatural truths! Reverence Fire (for its meaning), and tremble at it; though in the earth, it is chained, and that the foot of the Archangel—Michael—like

* *Curious Things of the Outside World: Last Fire.* By Hargrave Jennings, Author of the "Indian Religions; or, Results of the Mysterious Buddhism," &c. &c. 2 vols. London: Boone. 1861.

upon the Dragon—be upon it! Avert the face from it, as the Magi turned—dreading—and (as the Symbol) before it bowed. So much for this great thing—Fire!

Observe the multiform shapes of fire; the flame wreaths, the spires, the stars, the spots, the cascades and the mighty falls of it; where the roar, when it grows high in imperial masterdom, is as that of Niagara. Think what it can do. What it is. Watch the trail of sparks, struck, as in that spouting arch, from the metal sheels of the tramping horse. It is as a letter of the great alphabet. Thy familiar London streets, even, can give thee the Persian's God:—though, in thy pleasures, and in thy commerce-operations, so oft, in them, thou forgettest thine own God. Whence liberated are these sparks? As stars, afar off, of a whole sky of flame;—sparks, deep-down in possibility, though close to us;—great in their meaning, though small in their show;—as distant single ships of whole fiery fleets:—animate children of—in thy human conception, a dreadful, but, in reality, a great world of which thou knowest nothing. They fall—foodless—on the rejecting, barren, and (on the outside) the coldest stone. But in each stone, flinty and chilling as the outside is, is a heart of fire, to strike at which, is to bid gush forth the waters, as it were of *very Fire*, like waters of the rock! Truly, out of sparks can be played up a whole acreage of fireworks. Forests can be conceived of flame. Palaces of the fire. Grandest things—soul things—last things—all things!

A NOBLE PURPOSE NOBLY WON.*

A NOBLE story put to an ignoble purpose, would be the most appropriate title for this new specimen of the book-making art. The author of *Mary Powell* calls it *An Old, Old Story*, but there are some stories that never grow so old but that we like to listen to them when well told. As there are undying Tragedies, so there are Epics that will never be forgotten whilst language lasts. The story of Joan of Arc is one of the most marvellous and dramatic episodes recorded by history. Poets, dramatists, historians, painters, sculptors have each presented their portrait of the great heroine of France, each as it were adding their stone to the monument of her fame; and there remains no excuse for another work on the subject, as the author of *Mary Powell* may well remark, "when poet, dramatist, painter and sculptor have laboured their best, unless we can add traits which bring us nearer to truth." On this plea, two volumes have been compounded that are neither fact nor fiction, and this latest and vulgarized edition of the history of Joan of Arc can be in no wise more truthful than other works in which the conversations are manufactured by the authoress. Shakspeare, in *Henry VI.*, Voltaire, Schiller, Southey, Michelet, have in turn been attracted to the lofty theme; and after these illustrious names it is a bold thing to disfigure the story of the Maid of Orleans. The "task on which she entered with animation and zeal," and which she pursued with continually increasing interest, might serve to amuse the writer, but we can assure her that the same result is not likely to be attained by reading *A Noble Purpose Nobly Won*. What can we say to the presumption of the attempt, or to the childish self-satisfaction with which the lady announces that, with "scarcely any help," her zeal has carried her through several hundred pages of dog Latin, and that, never having learnt Latin, she could pick out what she wanted best for herself? Never having learnt Latin, she has the assurance to say that "a word, a phrase, sometimes had a light for me only." "On the other hand," she continues, "I have sometimes advisedly omitted things that I knew would be popular, as carrying a certain dash with them. Some will thank me, some will not; but either way, such is the custom of Branksome Hall." In this spirit, then, we are to look for "traits" which are to "bring us nearer to truth!"

The mysteriousness of the story of Joan of Arc has been considered one of the chief reasons for its poetic fitness, and the once humble shepherdess of Domremy has been the object of enthusiastic admiration, ignorant hatred, fear, and reverence. In some minds, the very antiquity of an opinion suggests a doubt, and the mission of the Maid of Orleans has formed the subject of some controversy, without discredit being thrown on the fact of its accomplishment. Frenchmen and Catholics, Barante and Michelet, accept Joan's inspiration without hesitation. Probably no one will deny that she imagined herself inspired, and two instances have been always cited as proofs of her divination—her demand for the sword in the church of Ste. Catherine Fierbois, and her recognition of the Dauphin disguised amongst his courtiers. The author of *A Noble Purpose Nobly Won* condescendingly remarks that she shall verify a few details as she proceeds. If, instead of introducing a number of petty incidents and foolish conversations, she had confined herself to the more humble and useful task of sifting the evidence of various writers on the subject, and translating the most important documents concerning Joan, she would have deserved our thanks and given value to her research.

In considering the state of France at the commencement of the 15th century, we are struck with the marvellous apparition of the Maid of Orleans at a juncture when miraculous intervention might well be needed to save the country. The eyes of all Europe were turned towards the scene of a mighty struggle as disastrous to the conquerors as to the conquered. The victorious wars of Henry V. had exhausted England and desolated France for twenty-five years. The untimely death of Henry V. and that of Charles VI. made no immediate change in the situation of affairs in France. The Duke of Bedford, as Regent, pursued the war with vigour, his energies being directed against Orleans, where the French were supposed to be making their last stand for maintaining the independence of their monarchy and the rights of the Dauphin. There are few more touching records of a degraded and despairing people than the short paragraph in which De Serres gives a description of those times taken from the lamentations of his ancestors:—

* *A Noble Purpose Nobly Won*. An Old, Old Story. Second Edition. By the author of "Mary Powell." London: Hall, Virtue, & Co.

In sooth, the estate of France was then most miserable. There appeared nothing but a horrible face, confusion, poverty, desolation, solitariness, and fear. The lean and bare labourers in the country did terrify even thieves themselves, who had nothing left them to spoil but the carcases of these poor miserable creatures, wandering up and down like ghosts drawn out of their graves. The least farms and hamlets were fortified by these robbers, English, Bourguignons, and French, every one striving to do his worst; all men-of-war were well agreed to spoil the countryman and merchant. Even the cattell, accustomed to the larum bell, the signe of the enemy's approach, would run home of themselves without any guide by this accustomed misery.

Every one knows how the obstinate and ever memorable siege of Orleans was raised by the "Missioned Maid," who entered the city in a storm of thunder and lightning—a striking fact noticed both by Shakspeare and Southey. The frantic joy of the French broke forth in *Te Deums*—and the bells of Orleans announced the triumph of more than human agency. The author of *A Noble Purpose* states that the 8th of May is still held sacred in Orleans, where the magistrates walk in solemn procession round the ancient precincts of their city. *Te Deum* is sung in the cathedral, and a sermon commemorates the Maid.

We may remark, as explanatory of the French entering Orleans, that Suffolk and Talbot were punished for their undue confidence in their superior force. It was perceived that the besieged under the Duc d'Alençon could not long hold out *faut de vitaille et poudre*. The English ceased to watch and scour the country as diligently as before, which negligence, says Hall, the citizens perceiving, "sent worde thereof to the French capitaines which with Pucelle in the dedde tyme of the nighte and in a greates rayne and thundere with all their vitaille and artillery entered into the cite." The attack on the enemy was led by Joan, De Gaucourt, Dunois, La Hire, Saintrailles de Retz and a list of names embracing the flower of the French army; but to La Pucelle the supreme honour of the victory was accorded. Barante says the English defended themselves with a courage and hardihood that nothing could shake. Joan was wounded by an arrow in the neck, but she remained undaunted, leading on the soldiers who crowded round the white banner, and rallied to her cry of *Rens ti, rens ti, au Roi des Cieux*.

Those were the days in which the highest rank afforded no exemption from accusation of sorcery. Even Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, was accused and imprisoned for witchcraft. The superstitious spirit of the age was invoked on the side of the oppressed, and the white standard of Joan was held sacred by the French, and caused the English soldiers, who never trembled or turned their back on the foe, to fly for "fear of the Mayde." Shakspeare's "great Alcides of the field," Talbot, expresses the genuine belief of the English in Satanic agency when he is made to say—

My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, or what I do;
A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists.

It is always mentioned in history that a proclamation was issued in England to check the desertion of soldiers who abandoned their colours for "fear of the Mayde." This we supposed to refer to the time when Joan was in the height of her fame; but a note in the second volume of *A Noble Purpose* informs us that after her capture and confinement in an iron cage at Rouen, *Chose incroyable! désarmée et dans les fers, Jeanne d'Arc inspirait encore à la nation Bretonne une terreur profonde*. The Duke of Gloucester, in 1430, issued royal letters to the various nobles in the Southern counties, and the Constable of Dover and Governor of the Cinque Ports, *pour leur enjoindre de faire arrêter et traduire devant le Conseil d'Angleterre les guerriers à qui la peur de la Pucelle ferait abandonner leurs drapeaux*.

After the consecration of Charles VII. at Rheims, Joan of Arc wished to retire to her parents and her native place and her flocks. This shows the great simplicity of the virtuous and high-minded maid of whom Barante says, *sa grande renommée l'avait laissée aussi simple et aussi modeste*. She felt that her noble purpose had been nobly won—she asserted that the apparitions of saints and "the voices" had only directed her to raise the siege of Orleans and have the Dauphin anointed at Rheims—*mon fait, disoit elle, n'est qu'un ministère*. The foreboding of evil, the gloomy presentiment of her approaching death, is not the creation of poetic fancy. She sought to retire when her renown was greatest and her name on every lip; and it was with reluctance that she yielded to the King's wish that she should remain with the army. The language of poetry in this instance is also that of truth; for Schiller, in the most beautiful play on the subject, *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, makes Johanna pathetically exclaim in bidding farewell to her native valley—*Johanna geht und nimmer kehrt sie wieder*.

A note asserts, as a deposition made by the Duc d'Alençon, that La Pucelle said—*Je durerai qu'un an, ou guère plus, il me faut donc bien employer*. When asked what she would have of the King, she nobly demanded that Domremy should be free from taxes; and the tax-gatherers have written against that place—*Néant à cause de la Pucelle*. Joan feared treachery, and through foul treachery she was captured by the Burgundian commander John de Luxembourg at Compiègne.

In spite of the objectionable style in which it is written, the concluding part of *A Noble Purpose* is interesting, and all that relates to Joan's Captivity and Trial is given with more verified detail than we find in other parts of the narrative. According to the cruel manners and ideas of the time, it can scarcely be considered as a blot on the Duke of Bedford's fair fame that he brought Joan of Arc from the Luxembourg, and that the marketplace at Rouen was the site of the cruel fate which there befell the sainted Maid. The stain rests on Charles and the French. Twenty

years after her ashes had been cast into the Seine, the King — it reads like mockery — issued letters patent to his "well beloved Guillaume Bouillé," empowering and commissioning him to constrain every one to bring forward whatever information they could adduce on the subject of her trial, which had been scandalously misconducted by the Bishop of Beauvais and others, under the orders of Cardinal Beaufort.

The history of Joan of Arc has yet to be written in English; and this last attempt at it may possibly provoke some one to undertake the task in a spirit worthy of the subject. In the conflict of opinion it is hard to know what or whom to believe, when one learned historian after another selects a period for the display of a perverse and eccentric ingenuity. With Scudery we are sometimes forced to exclaim —

O merveille estonnante et difficile à croire !
Mais que nous rapportons sur la foy de l'Histoire.

It must be admitted that enthusiasm of an exalted order was necessary to enable a peasant girl to assume the profession of arms, to be foremost in the battle-field, and to subdue an enemy whose force was believed invincible. Her words in Shakespeare embody Joan's religious belief — "Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak." Holy in her walk and conversation, she had apparently no conviction of her own sanctity, but believed in her mission as divine. She reproved as an impostor would not have done the credulity of those who all but worshipped her. "*A Bourges des femmes la priant de toucher des croix et des chapelets, elle se mit à rire, et dit à la Dame Marguerite chez qui elle logeait, Touchez-les vous-même; ils seront tous aussi bons.*" France may well be proud of her noble heroine, for the page of French history does not record a more unsullied fame, or a name more worthy of being held in perpetual remembrance.

MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS.*

IF a rapid and extensive sale of this volume were any real criterion of the worth of the translation itself, Lady Wallace would have ample cause for self-complacency, for the book is sure of popularity. It may sound a paradox, but the translation discloses too much fidelity to the original text, and too little paraphrase. Very welcome and necessary as this book will be to the many and unlearned, yet all ladies of the order of the stocking had better go to the fountain head with a Flügel's dictionary, and see what admirable letters were written by a wandering minstrel before the days of the penny postage. There are unpardonable misnomers and inaccuracies of spelling, which a little care over the proof-sheets would have avoided. Impatient of Admirable Crichtons, we have always heard Mendelssohn spoken of as a specimen, and this book should have been reverently translated by one who would not have sacrificed humour and elegance from an undue anxiety to keep close to the original meaning of the German text. Nine or ten years ago, a Leipzig gentleman of the name of Lampadius, published what he was pleased to call a memoir of Mendelssohn. In reality, it consisted of little else but a dreary catalogue of the performances, in different parts of Germany, at which the great musician was present, or over which he presided. It was a spiritless, rapid work to any one desirous of analyzing the life and heart of the man, independently of his better-known career as a musician. These letters, ranging over a period of two years, are very valuable, for their truthfulness and sincerity are unquestionable. Hitherto, we have had no glimpse of Mendelssohn in his every-day domestic life, except through the hazy medium of *Charles Auchester*, a volume fresh in the memory of novel readers. But it is unsatisfactory to look at a great man masked and in a domino. It would be an outrage on human credulity, if we were told to believe that the early days of Lord Byron were to be gathered from Mr. Disraeli's *Venetia*, or (what is more in point) those of Haydn from George Sand's *Consuelo*. It is better that a man should speak for himself. Let us see what our idol is in his quiet hours, far away from delirious applause, or basking in the genial sunshine of approbation. If a true portrait be the desideratum in place of a parody or caricature, a few familiar chats with Fanny and Rebecca, Mendelssohn's sisters, are worth any amount of interviews with the King of Prussia, or gleanings from learned talks with some royal Mæcenæ on the future of Art. The simplicity of these letters is their charm. We defy the nicest anatomists of the heart to discover any morbid symptoms of self-consciousness or unwholesome thirst for applause. In a letter to his sister, Mendelssohn humorously congratulates himself upon an escape from a Munich lithographer who wished to drape him with a Carbonaro cloak, and a stormy sky in the background. Had these letters been penned, like the oratorios or symphonies, with a view to the public, we fear that, noble-hearted and simple as the writer undoubtedly was, we should have had to "evolve the idea" of Mendelssohn "from the depths of our moral consciousness." We are spared this troublesome process, with its concomitant deluge of entities, essences, individualities, and other verbal abstractions peculiar to the German mind. "It appeared to me," says Paul Mendelssohn, in his preface, "a duty to give to the public these letters, stored up in the peaceful home for which they were originally intended, and thus to make them accessible to a more extended circle." Not England and Germany only, but probably all civilized Europe will be grateful to the worthy banker at Berlin, whose conscience has been stirred to a purpose, although rather tardily. There is a growing disposition to accept Art as serious, and people like to hear and read of great musicians. For

one reader of Taylor's *Life of Michael Angelo*, ten can be found of Mr. Holmes's *Life of Mozart*. Indeed, it is plain that artists in every branch of national culture may take rank legitimately side by side; and that, if we bow the knee to chisel and canvas, we must find room for homage to sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music.

The very first of these letters introduces us to an æsthetic tea at Goethe's house in Weimar. Mendelssohn's presence seems to act like a sunbeam on the spirits of the old poet, and there is a trace to cold-heartedness and selfishness. They discuss a variety of subjects — Scotland, Hengstenberg, Spontini, and Hegel's "*Æsthetics*," which Mendelssohn seems to have studied at Berlin University. We had hoped to have found corroboration of a story of Lampadius, that Mendelssohn translated a play of *Terence* at the suggestion of Goethe. It is to be feared that this gentleman drew upon his imagination for facts, for it is very improbable that this story should have passed unrecorded. Bach, Haydn, and Mozart are standing dishes with Goethe, and the guest plays their compositions in chronological order, lecturing at intervals on their distinctive excellences, "whilst Goethe sits in a dark corner, like a Jupiter Tonans, his old eyes flashing on me." Jupiter Tonans will have nothing to say to Beethoven, which is very singular. Possibly any appreciation of Beethoven's genius may be uncharitably marred by the memory of his manners. We all know that genius moves in an eccentric orbit, but Dr. Johnson spilling a mouthful of hot pudding into a lady's lap is outdone by Beethoven, who, if we are to believe Madam Ertman, was in the constant habit of an evening of using the snuffers as a tooth-pick. Be that as it may, he is no friend of Goethe's, who regards him with about the same respect as Charles Lamb did: —

The devil with his foot so cloven,
For aught I care, may take Beethoven.

And all that our traveller could get from the loud thundering, after playing the opening of the C minor symphony, is the following criticism: "This causes no emotion, nothing but astonishment, it is only grandiose." The playing is another matter. When Mendelssohn finishes, "Ganz Stupend!" says Goethe, and "Ganz Stupend" is retained nakedly in the amber of her ladyship's translation. Dominie Sampson's "prodigious" would have been literal enough. The late Grand Duke is discussed, and Goethe is eloquent on the golden days of German literature, the intellectual spring of Vaterland, which dated, said he, from 1775. After a prolonged visit Mendelssohn leaves Weimar with a token consisting of a MS. sheet of *Faust*, with an inscription to the following effect: — "To my dear young friend F. M. B., mighty yet delicate master of the piano, a friendly souvenir of happy May days in 1830. — J. W. VON GOETHE." The music at the Weimar Theatre must have been very bad. *Fidelio* is bedevilled by the flourishes of impertinent singers. Some one of the Wagner genus takes on himself to add a trombone part to Beethoven's symphonies, "and thus is a great man sacrificed." Let Costa take timely warning, for the words come from a master in Israel. At Presburg, Mendelssohn is present at the Coronation of the King of Hungary, and is quite pre-Raphaelite in his picture of that brilliant scene; but once landed fairly in Italy, and the dreams of his life seem fulfilled. Could he but have his brother and sisters with him, his happiness were complete. In the fervour of his enthusiasm at Venice, he forgets the San Sisto at Dresden, and is ready to go to the stake for the opinion that Titian's *Assumption* "is the most divine work ever produced by the hands of man." This is not mere talk, or the drivel of a dilettante. Mendelssohn could use his pencil as well as his pen, and was anything but contemptible as a draughtsman. If his criticism on the great Venetian colourists would not be very interesting to an Eastlake or a Ruskin, they are very refreshing after the pretentious verdicts passed on pictures by many a long vacation traveller and silly clergyman.

From Rome he writes very cheerily. He is comfortably housed in the Piazza di Spagna. The landlord, "with a daughter with a splendid contralto voice," is a vieux soldat of the French army; a Prussian captain who talks politics lives secondo piano; and all four get on capitally together. He goes to the Sistine, and, like Mozart, charges his memory with whole passages from a Miserere. If the Papal singers declare Bach's Passion music inaccessible to human voices, our traveller smiles, remembering how Beethoven scored on and on, in teeth of the sceptical fiddlers at Vienna. He has the run of the Abbate Santini's musical library, and spends his evening with Bendemann and Hübner. The round of artists' studios, the carnival with its motley throng, Holy Week ceremonies, Torlonia fêtes, and the coronation of Gregory XVI. must have been rather absorbing, but activity of heart and brain, as well as hands and feet, is surprising. If he strolls with Bunsen in the Pamfili Gardens, and talks philosophy among the old groves of ilex-trees, there is a time for all things, including the Italian symphony and the *Walpurgis Night*. When next we hear the opening solo, "Now May again breaks Winter's chain," the song will have a melancholy interest, if it be remembered that the sweet youth and freshness of a Roman spring were the soft influences which may have suggested that burden.

Naples, with her fishermen and lazzaroni, had but few charms for our traveller, for indolence and half-heartedness in the commonest pursuit were banished from his creed. It is strange that, acting on Goethe's advice, he should console himself with Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, and moralize on the substantial set-off we Northerners have for our leaden sky, in the excellence and earnestness of our labour upon a comparatively stubborn soil. Glaring pictures, noisy music, tasteless buildings, disquiet him. The divinity of all save the spirit of man cannot keep him

* *Letters from Italy and Switzerland.* By Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Translated from the German by Lady Wallace. Longman & Co. 1862.

an hour longer than necessary, and to old Rome he must return, if only to recover equanimity. At Milan, he comes across a son of Mozart, who appears to have had a portion of his father's spirit. Mendelssohn describes him as a musician, heart and soul, and as very jealous of his sire's name and fame. So good an opinion does he entertain of his new acquaintance, that he consults him, like a fellow-student, about the overture to the *Walpurgis Night*. "The only person who has heard it as yet is Mozart; he insisted on my publishing it immediately." In a letter from Florence, there is a criticism on the well-known portrait of Raphael, which it is difficult to read without emotion, for he moralizes on a fate so sadly resembling his own:—

I must not omit to say that the portrait of Raphael is the most touching likeness I have seen of him. The eye is instantly arrested by it; this is Raphael youthful, very pale and delicate, and with such inward aspirations, such longing and wistfulness in the mouth and eyes, that it is as if you could see into his very soul. That he cannot succeed in expressing all that he sees and feels, and is thus impelled to go forward, and that he must die an early death—all this is written on his mournful countenance.

The letters from Switzerland and France have not so sustained an interest as the series from Italy, though we heartily commend the volume to intelligent travellers, believing it will not be sneered at by the disciples of Messrs. Willes and Hawkins, if they can find time to pause from their stiff breathers up inclined planes, and see what Mendelssohn had to say for the mountains.

We close this volume with the feeling that we have held converse with a thorough workman, careless of fame, careless of peace, with nothing of the Jew about him but his name. The friend of Bunsen, and a man who held his own with some of the choicest spirits of his time, might have kept his inferior brethren at a distance, and reverence for his mighty gifts would have saved his biographer from the pain of an apology for the falsest of all shames. But his real ambition was to stand well with those of his own trade, and the shout of welcome from our own Philharmonic orchestra was a memory that affected him with an ever-fresh pleasure; "it showed," he says, "that musicians loved him." He wrote the best music from the best motives. He condemned "the brilliant scenes of seduction," which, coupled with Meyerbeer's music in *Roberto*, had so fascinated the Parisians. "I have no music," he says, "for such things." If the age exacts so painful a sacrifice of duty and of the high aims of a pure art, the opera must be given up, and he must turn to oratorios. Who can regret the resolve, or wish one note unwritten that came from the pen of Mendelssohn? His music comes from the heart, and goes to it; and the heart it came from beat—if ever man's did—in unison with all that is lovely and of good report. Whatever his rank may be amongst the greatest musicians of this or any other age, this is certain—that he adorned all he touched, be it the majestic oratorio, the symphony, or the familiar melody of a birthday song.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Vining. On Monday and during the week, "UNDER THE ROSE," an entire New Comedy by Watts Phillips, Esq., entitled "HIS LAST VICTORY," in which Mr. George Vining and Miss Herbert will appear; and the Burlesque Extravaganza, "PRINCE AMABEL; or, the Fairy Rose," supported by the Misses Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, &c. Commence at half-past 7.

MUSICAL UNION.—DIRECTOR'S MATINEE, Tuesday, July 1, at Three o'clock. Andante and variations, for two pianofortes, Op. 46, in B flat—Schumann; 8 plet. E flat—B.ethoven; Andante and Scherzo, Quartett, Op. 81—Mendelssohn; Septet, D minor, Pianoforte, &c.—Hummel. Solos, Violin and Pianoforte. Artists: Joachim, Riez, Blagrove, Davidhoff, and principal Instrumentalists from Her Majesty's Opera Band. Pianists—N. Rabouin, in and out (their last time this season). Visitors tickets half-a-guinea each, to be had of Cramer & Co., Chappell & Co., Oliver, Ashdown & Parry; and Austin & the Hall. J. ELLA, Director.

LAST MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON, on Monday Evening, July 17, the Director's Benefit, being the 100th Concert since the commencement of the series in 1840. Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Halle; violin, Herr Joachim; violoncello, Signor Flatti. Vocalists—Miss Banks, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 20 New Bond Street.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. BENEDICT has the honour to announce his ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, on Monday, June 20. The Programme is now ready. Immediate application for the few remaining Sofa and Balcony Stalls, One Guinea each, is respectfully solicited. Reserved Seats in the Area and Balcony, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Area and Balcony, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. May be obtained at the principal Music-sellers, and of Mr. Benedict, 2 Manchester Square.

"THALBERG'S MATINEES," HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS. THALBERG'S LAST APPEARANCES.

THIS MORNING, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, and MONDAY, JULY 1, being positively his last Appearance in London this Season, each Matinée to commence at half-past two o'clock. Stalls, 21s.; Unreserved Seats, 10s. 6d. To be had at the principal Libraries and Music-sellers; and of S. Thalberg's Secretary, Hanover Square Rooms.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GREAT SHOW, at South Kensington, Wednesday next, July 2. Open at One o'clock. Bands of Royal Artillery and Royal Marines commence at Two o'clock. Tickets purchased before the day, 5s. on the day, 7s. 6d. Visitors can pass under cover to the Show.

EXHIBITION OF HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, GREAT SHOW, Wednesday, July 2.

GREAT SHOW OF ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, July 2. The Garden will be open at One o'clock. Visitors cannot be admitted, either from the Exhibition to the Garden, or to the Exhibition through the Garden, before that hour.

HORTICULTURAL GARDEN, WEEK ENDING JULY 5.

Monday	Admission 1s. 6d.	Open at Nine.
Tuesday	Admission 1s. 6d.	Open at Nine.
Wednesday	Admission 7s. 6d.	Open at One.
Thursday	Admission 1s. 6d.	Open at Nine.
Friday	Admission 2s. 6d.	Open at Nine.
Saturday	Admission 5s. 6d.	Open at Nine.

Bands daily at Four o'clock—on Wednesday at Two o'clock.

HORTICULTURAL GREAT SHOW, Wednesday, July 2. The Garden will not be open till One o'clock.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S LAST BEETHOVEN RECITAL but TWO, this (Saturday) Afternoon, June 28. The Programme will include the celebrated Sonata Appassionata, Op. 47, and Sonata, Op. 54, 78, and 79. Vocalist, Madame Leumann-Sherington; Accompanist, Mr. Harold Thomas. For full particulars see Programmes, at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

FRIKELL'S LAST WEEK but ONE.—WILJALBA FRIKELL will repeat his Wonderful Entertainment of Natural Magic at the St. James's Hall every evening at 8 (except Saturday); Saturday afternoons at 2. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street, and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The Fifty-eighth Annual Exhibition is now open at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Seven. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

NOTICE.—The GALLERY, 14 Berners Street, Oxford Street, NOW OPEN every day from ten till five, with an EXHIBITION of PICTURES and DRAWINGS, including many important and beautiful works by F. R. S. Rosa Bonheur; Millais, R.A.; T. S. Cooper, A.R.A.; F. Goodall, A.R.A.; Maclean, R.A.; Wallis, Philip, and 150 more of the leading artists of the day. Admission 1s.; Catalogue 6d.

ROSA BONHEUR'S celebrated PICTURES, the HORSE FAIR, the SCOTTISH RAID, the SPANISH MULETEERS, the HIGHLAND SHEPHERD, SHEPHERD PONIES and SKYE TERRIER, on VIEW at the Gallery, 5 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall. Admission, One Shilling.

MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY of SKETCHES in OIL, from Subjects in "PUNCH," is open every day from Ten till dusk at the EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY. Admission One Shilling.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR in the EAST.—The Photographic Pictures of the many remarkable and interesting Places in the Holy Land, Egypt, &c. &c., made by Mr. Francis Bedford during the Tour in which, by command, he accompanied His Royal Highness, will, by special permission graciously accorded, be Exhibited and Published on Mr. Bedford's return. Prospectuses may be had of the publishers, Day & Son, Lithographers to the Queen, 6 Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE of the late LORD HARDINGE, now in the International Exhibition, by J. H. Foley, R.A. It is proposed to erect in London, a duplicate of this great work, originally executed for Calcutta. The object of the original was to commemorate the services of Lord Hardinge as Governor-General of India. The object, at least the main object, of the duplicate, is to secure to the nation one of the finest works of modern times.

D. ROBERTS, R.A., } Hon. Secretaries.
D. MACLEAN, R.A., }
Gentlemen interested in the proposal are requested to address "Hon. Secretaries," Hardinge Statue, 22 Regent Street, S.W.

ECOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The Twenty-Third Anniversary Meeting of the Ecological Society will be held on Tuesday, July 1, at 5 p.m., in the Lecture Theatre of the South Kensington Museum. The subject of discussion will be the Ecological Aspect of the International Exhibition, and of the Exhibition on Loan of Fine Arts at the South Kensington Museum. Ladies admitted.

It is suggested that Members of the Ecological Society and persons interested in its Exhibition should meet at 2 p.m. on that day at the South Kensington Museum, to visit the Exhibition of Works of Art on Loan. For the convenience of persons attending the meeting a Club Dinner will take place in the Refreshment Rooms of the International Exhibition, at 5 p.m., at 7s. 6d. a head; Mr. Beresford Hope in the Chair. The names of those who intend dining should be sent to Mr. Masters, 75 New Bond Street, on or before Saturday the 28th instant.

A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, President.
(Rev.) BENJAMIN WEBB, Honorary Secretary.
(Rev.) H. L. JENNER, Honorary Secretary for Musical Matters.

TO WRITERS for the PRESS.—An Appointment upon the Staff of a leading Liberal Journal is open. A brilliant and scholarly style, as well as political and literary acquirements, are essential for the post, which is important as well as lucrative. Gentlemen really possessing these qualifications may forward specimens of their work to Q. C., at Messrs. Saunders, Brothers, 101 London Wall, E.C.

NOVELETTES WANTED.—The Advertiser desires to find (at once, or within the next four months) THREE lively, cheerful STORIES, for which, if suitable, he is willing to pay £50, £30, and £20, respectively. Length a secondary element, but the longest should be within the limits of an average one-volume story. The Advertiser will also treat, on liberal terms, for the Copyright of two Volumes of the Volume Novel. Translations, historical, tragic, supernatural, and juvenile tales are unsuitable; and nothing which has been already published in any form will be accepted. The successful writers will be entitled to any particular terms they wish to know, and becoming bound to accept an offer. Author's names, when desired, will be held in strict confidence. No responsibility incurred concerning MSS. in transmission. One month at least necessary for the consideration of a tale. Address Advertiser, care of Adams & Francis, 50 Fleet Street, E.C.

SECRETARYSHIP WANTED.—A gentleman, of literary attainments, and whose time is entirely at his disposal, is desirous of obtaining a PLACE as SECRETARY. He is conversant with five European languages, which he speaks and writes fluently. Salary not so much an object as the attainment of a good position. The highest references will be given. Address: A. Q. Mr. Stephenson's, stationer, 99 Oxford Street.

PARIS.—Board and Residence at Mrs. DYON'S, No. 148 Rue de Rivoli.

Extracts from *The Times* and *Sunday Times*, April 1862.
A LADY, who for the last ten years has been afflicted with that terrible disease, Cancer, was by the sudden death of her husband, five years ago, left penniless. Notwithstanding her painful sufferings, she has, until lately, held a situation as resident companion to a blind lady, but was obliged to relinquish her appointment from the rapid strides her complaint made, and is now totally without the means of procuring those necessities which her exhausted state requires. Benevolent persons who have the power to do good, are earnestly solicited to CONTRIBUTE a TRIFLE, so that the latter days of this afflicted lady may be rendered more comfortable. The smallest donations will be thankfully received by Mrs. Valentine Bartholomew, 23 Charlotte Street, Portland Place (W.). Mr. Alderman Dakin, 25 Abchurch Lane, City; and George Cruikshank, 49 Mornington Place, Hampstead Road (N.W.).

LICHFIELD THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

President—The Lord Bishop of the Diocese.
Council—The Dean and Chapter, the Archdeacon, &c.
Principal—The Rev. G. J. C. Curdson, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and Prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral.
This College is open both to Graduates and Non-Graduates. Of the latter a residence of two years is required. Graduates of the University of Cambridge who have resided two years and obtained the Principal's Certificate, are admitted by the Bishop of Lichfield as Candidates for Holy Orders, without presenting the Certificates of having passed the Voluntary Theological Examination.
The next Term will begin on Saturday, Oct. 4.

QUEENWOOD COLLEGE, Four Miles from Dunbridge Station, South-Western Railway, Hampshire. The Course of Instruction embraces Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Theoretical and Practical Chemistry, English, Classics, Foreign Languages, Practical Surveying, Levelling, &c. Mechanical and Free-hand Drawing, and Music. The Principal is assisted by Ten Resident Masters. The position of the Establishment is healthy, and the advantages various and unusual. Attention is invited to the Prospectus, which may be had on application. The next half-year will commence on Thursday, July 31.

MILL HILL SCHOOL, near Hendon, N.W., will re-open Wednesday, July 30, 1862. Applications for Admission or Prospectus, to the Rev. Dr. Humdall, Head Master, or the Rev. Thomas Rees, at the School.

THE WIFE of a CLERGYMAN, in a very healthy village within 20 miles of London, wishes to meet with a little girl from 5 to 9 years of age to educate with her own little girl. Orphan not objected to. References required. Direct M. A., care of Mr. Benson, 439 Oxford Street.

A GRADUATE of Oxford wishes to meet with some PUPILS in Classics and Mathematics. High Testimonials.—Address C. 15 Cedar Road, Fulham.

ANGLAIS (avec la prononciation distinguée de l'Université de Cambridge), CONVERSATION, COMPOSITION, RHÉTORIQUE. — Un professeur qui a plus de vingt années de pratique dans l'enseignement, et qui, outre de posséder parfaitement le Français, parle bien l'Allemand et l'Espagnol, peut disposer de quelques heures de sa Journée. S'adresser à l'auteur de *El Lucha sin Mazorra*, Librairie Belknap, 219 Regent Street, W. Traductions, &c., &c. Répétitions de Grec, de Latin, et des Mathématiques.

OVERCROWDING in WORKSHOPS.—Mr. HITTORFF'S RESEARCHES.—THE BUILDER of this Day, &c. contains:—The Deptford Pumping Station—Architectural Illustrations by Vasey (with Illustrations).—Glossary about the Exhibition.—The Handed Festival—Architectural Drawings at Windsor—Overcrowding in Workshops (with Illustrations).—Voluntary Architectural Examination.—The Present State of the English Cotton-Workers.—The Tradesmen Art—Haiting-Places on the Extension of a National Museum of Architecture.—Church Building News.—Provincial News—Competition, &c. Office, 1 York Street, Covent Garden; and all Booksellers.

A B. A., of Oxford, Scholar of his College, who took a First Class in the Natural Science School and Mathematical Honours at Moderations, wishes to meet with a private Tutorship for a few months. Is acquainted with German, and would not object to travel. *Address, Mr. Holden, bookseller, Liverpool.*

A MATHEMATICAL MASTER (Non-resident) is WANTED, in a good school. He must be a Cambridge man. A Wrangler preferred. Address, stating qualifications and terms expected, Rev. M. A. Mr. Holden's, bookseller, Liverpool.

SUPERIOR GOVERNESS.—A Lady, with excellent references and considerable experience, desires a Re-engagement. Acquirements, thorough English, French, and German; good Music and Drawing. Resided 7 years abroad. Salary liberal. Address C. B. care of Miss Baldwin, 16 Thayer Street, Manchester Square.

MILITARY EDUCATION at Bromsgrove House, Croydon, under the Superintendence of Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., for Nineteen years a Professor and Examiner at the late Military College, Addiscombe. Seven gentlemen have recently passed high from this establishment. There will be shortly two vacancies.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, & DIRECT COMMISSIONS.—A Married Clergyman, M.A., Wrangler and Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, living near Wind or, several of whose Pupils have obtained high places at Woolwich and Sandhurst, two of them having taken the first place in the Examinations for Direct Commissions, occasionally has Vacancies. Address, the Vicar of Dorney, near Windsor.

SEASIDE PRIVATE TUITION.—The Rev. T. J. NUNNS, M.A., St. John's Coll. Cambridge (First Class in Classical Honours), receives PUPILS into his house to be prepared for the Universities, or for the Civil Service or Military Examinations. Terms according to age, 150 or 160 Guineas a year. Seaford, Sussex.

NAUTICAL EDUCATION.—SCHOOL FRIGATE H.M.S. "CONWAY," LIVERPOOL.—The design of this Institution is to give (at the most moderate possible cost) to Boys intended for Officers in the Merchant Navy, a thorough Training in every detail of a Seaman's profession, and, at the same time, to complete their general Education in the manner most suitable for their future career.

It is managed by a Civil Service Officer and Merchant, and Twelve Captains in the Merchant Service, and is conducted under a complete and efficient Nautical and Educational Staff, on board H.M.S. "Conway," moored for the purpose in the river Mersey.

His Grace the Duke of Somerset (First Lord of the Admiralty) has kindly placed a Nomination for a Naval Cadetship at the disposal of the Committee of Management.

By an order of the Board of Trade, two years in the "Conway" will be reckoned as one year at sea; thus Cadets who complete their course in the Institution require to be at sea only three instead of four years before being competent to pass their examinations as officers.

On Cadets completing their course (two years) to the satisfaction of the Commander, the Committee use their exertions and influence to place them in Ships of which the owners are known to them; and the members of the Committee, together with most of the leading shipowners of Liverpool, give a preference to these Cadets, and receive them as apprentices without premium.

Terms of Admission Thirty-five Guineas per Annum.

The NEXT SESSION commences August 1, 1862.

For particulars and Forms of Application apply to the Commander, "Conway," Rock Ferry, Birkenhead; or to the Secretary, B. J. Thomson, Esq., 4 Chapel Street, Liverpool.

MAJOR R. C. BARNARD, B.A., of Emmanuel College, Cambridge (1861), F.R.S., and late of Her Majesty's 41st Regiment, receives PUPILS to be prepared for the Universities, the Army, Civil Service, or for Public Schools. Geography and Botany form part of the course of instruction.

Cambridge House, Bay's Hill, Chisleham, May 22, 1862.

FRANCE.—PRIVATE TUITION for the Army, Oxford. Public Schools, Civil Service, &c.—A Married Clergyman, Graduate of Oxford, receives FOUR PUPILS privately at the disposal of the Committee of Management.

Reference, Rev. E. Thuring, Upchurch, Kent, and others. Prospectuses may be had at Messrs. DULAU, 37 Soho Square, London, W.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, THE LINE, AND THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

TWO CAMBRIDGE MEN, experienced in Tuition, receive TWELVE PUPILS, who are reading for the above, and prepare them thoroughly and quickly. Terms Moderate. Apply for Prospectuses, &c. to M. A. 4 Angel Terrace, Brighton, S.

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